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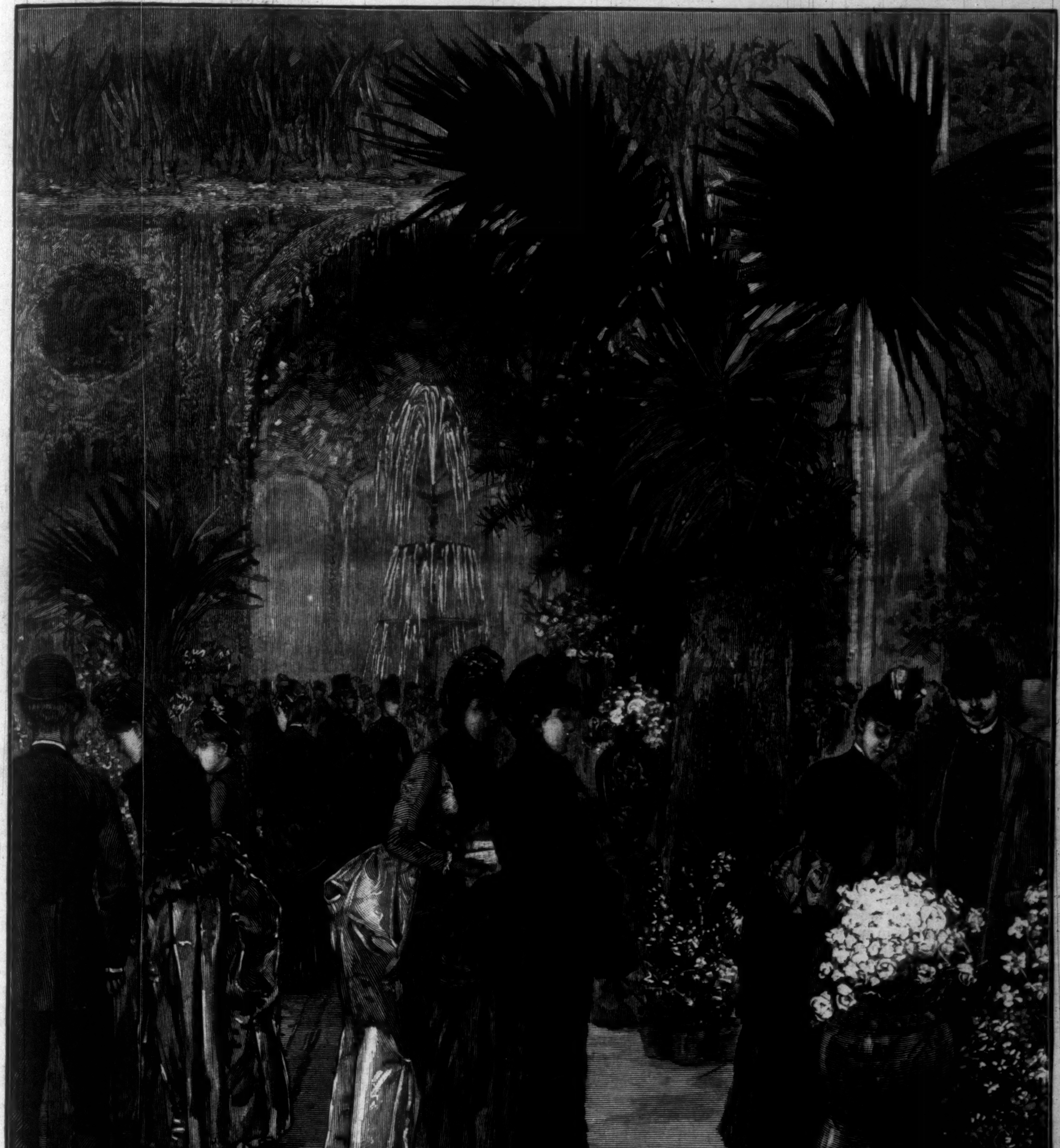

FLOWER SHOW AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

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"Every week the beautiful pages of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE give 'gladness and mirth' to the boys and girls of America."—*Evangelist, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number contains a front-page illustration, "Seesaw!—Margery Daw"; the continuation of MRS. LILLIE'S *story, "Jo's Opportunity," illustrated; "Parlor Parterres," by* G. B. BARTLETT; *Part II. of "His First Cruise," by* FRANK H. CONVERSE, *illustrated; a full-page picture, "A Scamper Across Country," drawn by* A. C. CORBOULD, *with an article on Horseback Riding, from* COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.; *"The Drawing Club," Part II., etc.*

In the next number, published April 6, will appear the first part of

A NEW SERIAL.

SILENT PETE;

OR, THE STOWAWAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," ETC.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

THE STRIKE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE right of all men to decide upon what terms they will work for others is undeniable. The right to associate with others in demanding such terms is equally unquestionable. The right to invite arbitration if employers and employed cannot agree is incontestable. And the correlative rights are equally clear: that of every man to decide how much he will pay for work, the right of employers to unite in refusing to pay more than they think advantageous, and the right of the owners of property to control it lawfully. It is plain that no man has a right to determine what another man shall ask for his services unless the other man consents, and that the attempt to compel him to take less or more is a gross violation of his lawful right, which it is the duty of society to protect. Of course the seizure of the property of others, or interference with the lawful control of it by its owners, is a fundamental crime against society, and the inability to prevent it is social dissolution.

In the light of these principles, if the employés of the Missouri Pacific Railroad choose to make common cause with those of the Texas Pacific, and have made no contract, and have given no promise which forbids, they are at perfect liberty to refuse to work until their associates are satisfied. It may be very injudicious, but if they choose for reasons satisfactory to themselves to take the risk of losing their employment and exposing their families to the consequences, they are within their legal rights. But the moment that they do more, when they interfere with the equal right of others not to act with them, and when they touch property which is not theirs, to injure it, they are merely law-breakers, with whom the law may rightfully deal. It is undeniable that if all the employés of all the railroads in the country should agree to support by throwing up their employment any demand which any number of employés upon any railroad should make, they would violate no law. They would, however, strike a terrible blow at the public welfare. They would bring incalculable suffering upon all who live by wages, and by destroying the confidence which is the basis of all prosperous industry, they would plunge the country into indescribable calamity. Happily the number of persons who would engage in such an enterprise as this is comparatively very small. The consciousness that the maintenance of law and order is the condition of the welfare of all, and that in any wide prostration of industry it is the poorest who suffer most, is so general in this country that the good sense of the mass of the people may be trusted to prevent a general catastrophe.

There is certainly no disposition to regard every proposition or demand of employés as unreasonable, but neither, in a country where every man is trying to better his condition, is there any general feeling that those who succeed are necessarily guilty of injustice and oppression. The great railroad strike in the Southwest is not sustained by public sympathy, because no reasonable ground for it has been stated, and because it attempts not only to assert the right of employés to decide upon what conditions they will work, but to destroy the similar rights of other employés, and to deprive property owners of the right to control their property. This is an assault upon social order itself, which could right no wrong, and which, unchecked, would involve the country in a common disaster. However intelligent and well-meaning individuals among the Knights of Labor may be, the remedy which their conduct in Missouri offers for what they hold to be wrongs is sheer anarchy. If the owners of the roads desire to continue to operate them, and if they can find employés who are willing to do the work, it is the duty of the State to protect them in their unquestionable right. There need be no misunderstanding. The demand for fair wages for fair work is just. In case of difference, a resort to arbitration, equally voluntary and equally binding upon both sides, is often wise. But the right of the property owner to control his property, like that of the laborer to control his labor, is undeniable, and its protection is vested in the State, and not in a voluntary and irresponsible association of citizens.

OPEN THE DOORS.

THE demand for open executive sessions of the Senate is very general and determined. Senators PLATT, VAN WYCK, and LOGAN, all Republicans, have introduced resolutions in favor of publicity, and Senator SHERMAN has expressed his concurrence. The general opinion of the press of both parties is favorable to the change, and the debate upon Mr. EDMUNDS's resolutions has deepened the popular conviction and strengthened the demand. Every sound argument against hiding information in the public departments is conclusive against hiding it in the Senate. The secret session is one of the survivals of an old Parliamentary procedure, which became a tradition because its reason was not asked. When, however, the practice is seen to be a prolific source of abuse, and its reason is demanded, there is no valid reply whatever. The defence put forward is that it is unfair to make public the statements affecting the character or capacity of those who are nominated to office. The conclusive reply to this assertion is that the fitness of every man who is nominated for popular election is publicly discussed, and his nomination for Senatorial confirmation should not exempt him from the same public scrutiny.

In a government like ours, whatever is secret may be justly suspected. The public consideration of nominations by the Senate would be one of the great advances in administrative reform. It would relieve the President and the heads of departments from a large part of that wholly partisan and unauthorized correspondence which is now a most serious obstruction of the public business, and which was well exposed by General COX, Secretary of the Interior in the first GRANT administration. It would hold every self-constituted adviser of the President to his just responsibility, and break up the vicious abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate. Deliberating upon appointments under the public eye and ear, Senators would be compelled to give some good reasons for opposing or favoring them, and would cease to be guilty of the monstrous impropriety of soliciting nominations to be submitted to their own approval.

The reform would tend strongly to lead to the disclosure of the reasons for removals. While removal is legally an exercise of the executive discretion, its reasons cannot be legitimately demanded. But as executive discretion in assenting to appointments is vested in the Senate, whenever a removal is to be effected by a new appointment any Senator may properly decline to assent so long as the reasons for a change are unknown to him. He cannot be fairly asked to confide in the President's discretion, because he is constitutionally responsible for the exercise of his own discretion, and solely in the public interest. The precedent of WASHINGTON should be controlling. He was willing to state the reasons for making a nomination, and if the case had been that of superseding an incumbent, the wisdom of his course would have been the same. If the Senate had sought to injure him in public estimation by the imputation of removals for discreditable reasons, WASHINGTON would have given the reasons to the country. The Senate may refuse for some time to open its doors in executive session. But the mere proposition of publicity at once appeared to the country so sensible and desirable that its adoption cannot be long delayed.

THE LETTER ONCE MORE.

THE *Post-Express* of Rochester, New York, objects to our interpretation of the President's letter to the Reform League, and holds that it has been always interpreted as a pledge not to make removals solely upon partisan grounds, and not to remove during their terms "decent public servants who have not proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management." These are the words of the letter, and their meaning cannot be fairly misunderstood. They mean that in the President's judgment an officer may be properly removed before the expiration of his term for offensive partisanship, and the conclusion is therefore irresistible that such removal does not necessarily imply official malfeasance or personal dishonor. The one reason for removal which is emphasized and elaborated in the letter is offensive partisanship, and it is certainly unfair to say that that is commonly held to be equivalent to a personal stigma in the sense alleged in the discussion. On the contrary, in the general opinion of politicians it is a duty to use an office for party benefit, and Mr. DWIGHT LAWRENCE, an excellent authority upon the subject, in an interview to which we have alluded more than once, speaks of the rural post-offices as the local head-quarters of the party.

The letter undoubtedly implies that difference of political opinion is not in itself to be taken as offensive partisanship; and if suspensions have been made for such difference they are unquestionably violations of the declarations of the letter. If such an instance can be adduced, that is, if it can be shown that the President has suspended an honest, efficient, and satisfactory officer who was not an offensive partisan, and claimed only "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights," and if the suspension was made for the purpose of appointing a successor in political accord with the appointing power, he is plainly condemned by his own words. But it would be very difficult to prove all this without complete knowledge of all the facts which have been presented to the President, both orally and in writing, and to obtain such knowledge would be no less difficult. Under the terms of his letter the President must decide for himself what constitutes offensive partisanship. If it be said that such a phrase affords an excuse for any violation of principle, the reply is that the phrases of Mr. CLEVELAND must be interpreted by the known honesty of his personal and political character. If he says that he will remove only for certain reasons, we do not believe that there is any large number of intelligent persons in the country who suppose that he intends to deceive, or is talking merely for buncombe; and even if instances of departure from his rule could be proved, however they might be regretted, they would not be regarded as evidences of duplicity.

If the Republican majority in the Senate had been able to show that such removals had occurred, it would not have proved the President's deliberate or systematic or general falsity to his principles, nor would it have shaken the public confidence in his honest purpose or his official integrity or courage, or in the change that has been actually accomplished. Still less would it have proved any particular zeal for honest reform upon the part of the majority. The contest of the Republican Senate and House of 1866-67-68 with ANDREW JOHNSON was an effort, happily successful, to baffle a most dangerous executive purpose. That of 1886 with GROVER CLEVELAND is a desperate attempt to show that in some cases he has departed from a sound rule in regard to appointments and removals, to which, in general, he has been more faithful than any President since the abuse became the policy of both parties. In one case the Republican Senate was sustained by the sympathy and approval of all patriotic citizens. In the other, it has been seen to be playing a very small party game, in which it has been practically worsted.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE LEGISLATURE.

GOVERNOR HILL has approved the bill for an honest sale of railroad franchises in cities, suggesting some desirable supplementary legislation upon the subject, and he expresses himself with most satisfactory emphasis upon the corruption of the Aldermen in swindling the city by granting franchises for nothing except a heavy bribe. The matter is very strongly and unreservedly stated, and the message is so good, and so addresses itself to the best public sentiment, that his most sagacious political opponents at Albany must be led to serious reflection. The Governor is a Democrat, and the Legislature is largely Republican. As usual, both sides are playing for position. The action of the Legislature will credit or discredit the Republican party, and that of the Governor the Democratic party. It must, we think, be admitted that the Governor has been underrated as a political player. He has made as yet, from the party point of view, no serious mistake; that is, he has done nothing to repel the confidence even of the Democrats who would not support him. Have the Republicans been equally wary?

The Governor has made admirable Quarantine nominations, and has divided them equally between the parties. The Republican Senate hesitates to confirm them. The Republican Senate, at the instance of a Republican, passed a bill which facilitated the railroad franchise frauds in the city. The Republican House, yielding to the general public demand, modified it properly, demanded a conference, in which the Senate receded, and both Houses passed the bill. The Governor promptly approves it in a message so strong that his party is sure to get certainly equal credit for the law. Besides this, the Republican Legislature, having full authority, has selected a Superintendent of Public Instruction in a caucus dominated by the chief party "bosses." Viewing the action of the winter at Albany as a game for party position, which of the contestants has done best for his party, the Governor or the Legislature? Has the general conduct and spirit of the Republican Legislature probably led many Democrats to regret that they voted for the Governor, or has his general action made both Republicans and Democrats who opposed him more friendly?

These are questions which some Republican leaders are doubtless pondering. Republicans are no longer to be rallied by a great cry like the non-extension of slavery, the prosecution of the war, or reconstruction by a loyal Congress. Now, too, that so many honest apprehensions of Democratic restoration have been dispelled, Republicans cannot be united merely by a vast and vague distrust of the party which sustained slavery and resisted equitable reconstruction. The contest with the Democratic President over appointments and removals has not prospered; certainly it has not inspired or even animated the party. There is undoubtedly great Democratic dislike of the President. But that is common under every Administration, and it is not a substantial dependence for party opposition. To the sagacious Republican at Albany meditating the Governor's message the Republican situation must seem a little colorless and negative. The one course that would arouse the old enthusiasm would be the plain identification of the party with its reform spirit, and not its subservience to trading politicians.

PARTY.

A LECTURE upon "Government by the People" was recently delivered at Bloomington, Indiana, by Professor WOODBOURN, of the University at that place, and a Republican paper published in the town, which makes great fun of Mugwumps and political independence, is of opinion that the doctrine of the discourse must have been peculiarly disagreeable to Mugwumps because it acknowledged the necessity and desirability of party, or of organized action to secure great public results. It seems to be supposed by the journal in Bloomington, as by other journals elsewhere, that Mugwumpery, or political independence, aims at government without party. This assertion is a convenient falsification for the purposes of machine politicians, but if any honest man is deluded by them, we beg to assure him that in our opinion, as maintained in this journal for many a year, "independence" aims simply at honest and decent government by party. It holds that the support of dishonest or unfit candidates for the sake of party is neither honest nor decent politics, and that it does not promote honest and decent government.

That is Mugwumpery, and Professor WOODBOURN is himself practically a Mugwump, and an active member of the active Reform Association in Bloomington. Like all intelligent men, he knows and urges the value of associated action and of effective organization to secure a common purpose. Like all other Mugwumps—that is, all independent American citizens—he knows the necessity of sacrificing personal preferences to the accomplishment of that common purpose. But there is no word in the lecture as reported which favors the theory that because party is a necessary political agency, therefore dishonest party agents may be honestly supported for the sake of party. The Independent Republicans in New York who scratched in 1879, and who staid at home or voted for the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1882, or for the Democratic candidate for President in 1884, also voted in all those years for other Republican candidates for Congress and for other offices, and in 1885 they universally supported the Republican candidate for Governor. Such Republicans have the protection of equal rights, honest finance, the advancement of reform, and economical and efficient government quite as much at heart as Republicans who think Republicanism consists in voting for the devil if he is regularly nominated.

The American who holds that because he approves the general purposes of a party he is morally bound to vote for anybody or for anything that the party may nominate or decide, is a dangerous, however unconscious, enemy of Republican institutions and of good government. If he hopes for reform within the party, does he think to promote that reform by deliberately strengthening the thing to be reformed? Honest Democrats thought that they might join the Tammany Committee, when TWEED controlled it, in order to check TWEED. Mr. SEWARD clung to ANDREW JOHNSON in the hope of restraining him. The honest Democrats and Mr. SEWARD were swept away. In both cases it should have been clear to them that the way to save their party was to oppose and defeat TWEED and JOHNSON, not to stand by them and excuse them. Mugwumps, or Independents, have the utmost faith in the necessity of parties, and of steady persistence toward good ends. But they hold that parties were made for the citizen, not the citizen for the party, and that to secure the object it must be remembered that party is a means, not an end.

PAUPER CHILDREN.

MR. LETCHWORTH, President of the State Board of Charities, corrects the statement in the report of the Secretary of State in New York that the number of children under sixteen years of age supported in the county poor-houses of the State is steadily increasing. From the returns made to the State Board of Charities it appears that the number of children between the ages of two and sixteen years in all poor-houses and almshouses of the State, exclusive of New York city,

On the 1st of October, 1882, was............	104
" " " 1883, was............	91
" " " 1884, was............	80
" " " 1885, was............	67

A constant and gradual *decrease* instead of increase is thus shown. New York city has a special hospital for diseased children and a school and asylum for idiots.

Mr. LETCHWORTH says that the children between the ages mentioned in the poor-houses in the State are either unteachable idiots, epileptics, or so diseased as to render them unsuitable to place in families. They are children that the orphan asylums properly refuse to accept, and for whom the State has made no provision. Sometimes superintendents of the poor can get them boarded in private families, but it is generally at a high rate in consequence of the helpless condition of these wards, as in the case of hopeless idiots, of which the proportion is large. The Commissioners of the State Board of Charities in their respective districts exercise a watchful care over this subject. It is closely looked after by the Secretary of the Board when making his regular visitations through the State, and it receives the attention of the County Visitors of the State Board of Charities and the State Charities Aid Association.

The Board of Charities has arrested in the county poorhouses the growth of that dangerous and demoralizing class, the hereditary paupers. If private citizens by refusing to give alms ignorantly, and by cordially sustaining the charity organization society in the city, and the special societies of relief which are known to them, would aid in the good work, one of the most menacing results of pauperism would be averted.

A MAGNUM OPUS.

A VERY important work, a comprehensive treatise upon the science of military law, has just been completed by Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM WINTHROP, Deputy Judge Advocate General, and issued by W. H. MORRISON in Washington. It is the first complete work of the kind, comprising a thorough digest of opinions, precedents, and all necessary information. Colonel WINTHROP is an official authority of great weight upon the general subject. For many years a diligent student and constantly engaged in the practical administration of military law, his qualifications for the work are unsurpassed, and, as he truly says, a proper history of the late war could not be written without careful consideration of the more important trials and acts of military government which are treated in these two volumes.

In the preface Colonel WINTHROP well states the scope of his work:

> "The lawyer who, if he has not been led into the old error of confounding the military law proper with martial law, has perhaps viewed it as consisting merely of an unimportant and uninteresting scheme of discipline, will, it is hoped, discover in these pages that there is a military code of greater age and dignity and of a more elevated tone than any existing civil code, as also a military procedure, which, by its freedom from the technical forms and obstructive habits that embarrass and delay the operations of the civil courts, is enabled to result in a summary and efficient administration of justice well worthy of respect and imitation. The military student, on the other hand, in examining the cases cited, as adjudicated by the courts which expound the international law, the common law, the criminal law, and the maritime law, will, it is thought, more fully appreciate the connection between the military law and the general law of the land; will perceive that the former, while distinct and individual, is not an isolated exception, but a branch of the great body of the public law, variously and harmoniously affiliated with the other branches of the system."

The work is dedicated by the author to General HOLT in the following words: "To Brevet Major-General JOSEPH HOLT, U.S.A., Secretary of War in 1860–6, who, later, as the first Judge Advocate General of the Army, at the most critical period of our history, founded our military jurisprudence, this work is with respect and affection dedicated by his former assistant." The *Military Law* is truly a *magnum opus*, and a most valuable contribution to the literature of jurisprudence.

EIGHT HOURS A DAY FOR THE DRAM-SHOP.

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether the nine hundred millions of dollars now spent annually in this country for liquors would not swell to a still larger sum if an eight-hour law for labor should be passed without applying the restriction to liquor saloons. Why should the seller of liquor be employed longer than other laborers? If they need the time for recreation and instruction and self-improvement, not less does he. We suggest to the advocates of the eight-hour law that they demand that its blessings shall extend to the laborers in the saloons, and that one of the conditions of a license to sell liquor shall be, besides the Sunday restriction, a limitation of the labor of selling to the same time which shall be thought best for other labor.

FATHER MATHEW.

THE Commission authorized by the Senate to collect information in regard to the liquor traffic and its consequences, should it ever get so far as to begin, may well recur to what Mr. GREGG says of Father MATHEW in his convenient and timely *Irish History for English Readers*, which is just published by the HARPERS.

In the first nine months of the appeal of Father MATHEW 156,000 persons took the pledge, and in four years he had aroused the whole country. With a rapidly increasing population, crime rapidly decreased. In 1839, when the movement was beginning, there were 12,000 committals and sixty-four capital sentences. Six years later, when the interest was at its height, there were but 7000 committals and fourteen death sentences. The good father made his reform a question neither of creed nor of politics, but solely of personal conduct, and another friar of the same kind to-day would be no less a benefactor to Ireland.

A TIMELY AND SERVICEABLE RECORD.

THE *Civil Service Record*, published in Boston, is the oldest of the journals devoted wholly to the interests of reform. It is a neat small quarto issued monthly at fifty cents per year, and its latest number shows undiminished vigor and interest. It is, as its name imports, a record of the movement, and it will be found very valuable by every friend of reform.

Its chief article in the present number is upon the President and the Senate, and expresses clearly and crisply the general view of reformers, that while the reasons of Executive action cannot be rightfully demanded, the good cause would be greatly advanced if all possible information were given to Congress and to the country. The statement that undoubtedly the President has, under the Constitution, the absolute power of removal, seems to us open to denial. That he has the lawful power is unquestionable. But the Constitution is silent, and the law is merely a construction by Congress, which may at any time change the construction, as it did in the tenure of office law.

The comments of the *Record* upon the HOWE bill, recently passed in this State, are very judicious. The tendency to recognize class distinctions under any plea is to be deprecated, and for such a purpose to weaken the competitive method is unquestionably prejudicial to reform. In Massachusetts the reformed system has been wisely made to include laborers, and the *Record* states that "the labor departments of Boston are pretty thoroughly taken out of politics, and put on a sound business basis." The work goes bravely on, and although Senator INGALLS cannot contain his wrath at "the rot and debauchery of this so-called civil service reform," it is the rot and debauchery of the spoils system which has so aroused the common-sense of the people that they propose to correct it.

PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS's friends throughout the country are congratulating him on the semicentennial anniversary of the *Public Ledger*—a newspaper whose prosperity gives pleasure to good citizens without distinction of party, as a demonstration that journalistic success is compatible with integrity, cleanliness, good manners, and singleness of purpose.

—A singular tribute to the breadth of spirit that characterizes General LEW WALLACE's *Ben Hur* is the fact that both his Jewish and Catholic fellow-citizens are buying the book in large quantities.

—The King of the Belgians has conferred the cross of the Order of Leopold upon the Hon. GEORGE H. CORLISS, of Providence, Rhode Island, on the occasion of his exhibit of engines at the Universal Exposition in Antwerp.

—Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of March in the steamer *Britannic*, and is now on his voyage hither. As no living artist equals him in originality and fertility of invention, so no living artist could reach our shores who would find a warmer greeting. Mr. ABBEY's stay will be comparatively brief. After a few weeks he will return to his London studio.

—Americans who visit Mr. ROBERT GORDON at his villa in the suburbs of London report that they feel much at home because of the multitude of American paintings which Mr. GORDON has transferred from his house in this city. While living here Mr. GORDON took a pride in collecting native pictures, and it was his custom to give annually an art reception, choosing for the purpose an evening that came just after the hanging committee had finished their duties at the National Academy, and just before varnishing-day, when the result of their labors fell for the first time under the exacting criticism of the exhibitors themselves. Consequently the utmost good feeling prevailed, accompanied by a gentle but lively curiosity. No artist knew that his contributions to the Academy exhibition had either been rejected or badly hung, and almost every guest was in a state of pleasant anticipation. These circumstances gave to Mr. GORDON's annual art reception an interest altogether unique.

—From the *Evening Post:* "HARPER'S WEEKLY performs a valuable service by publishing portraits of Aldermen JAEHNE and PEARSON, which everybody interested in city government ought to take a thoughtful look at. The two faces make the same revelation concerning the average aldermanic character which we have made at each election in our 'Voter's Directory.' If there could be an illustrated directory brought out each year after the nominations for aldermen are made, it might be possible to arouse the respectable sentiment of this city to the necessity of looking elsewhere than in bar-rooms and gambling dens for candidates."

—In his address at the annual meeting of the Princeton alumni in this city, President McCOSH said: "There is a prospect, through the generosity of one of our younger professors, to get an endowment for a Professor of Archæology, who will be a member of our School of Art, and who will also aid the department of history and of classics." The "younger professor" referred to is understood to be Mr. ALLAN MARQUAND, a son of Mr. H. G. MARQUAND, of this city. The MARQUAND name is already associated with princely benefactions to Princeton College.

—Dr. MARY PUTNAM JACOBI told the Nineteenth Century Club that woman has become "discursive and superficial" in her habits of mind because she has always three things to think of—the pot on the fire, the baby, and the expected husband coming home in a stew. Whereupon one of the fashionable ladies, of whom the audience was chiefly composed, whispered to her neighbor: "Neither the pot, the baby, nor the husband ever trouble me. Do they you?"

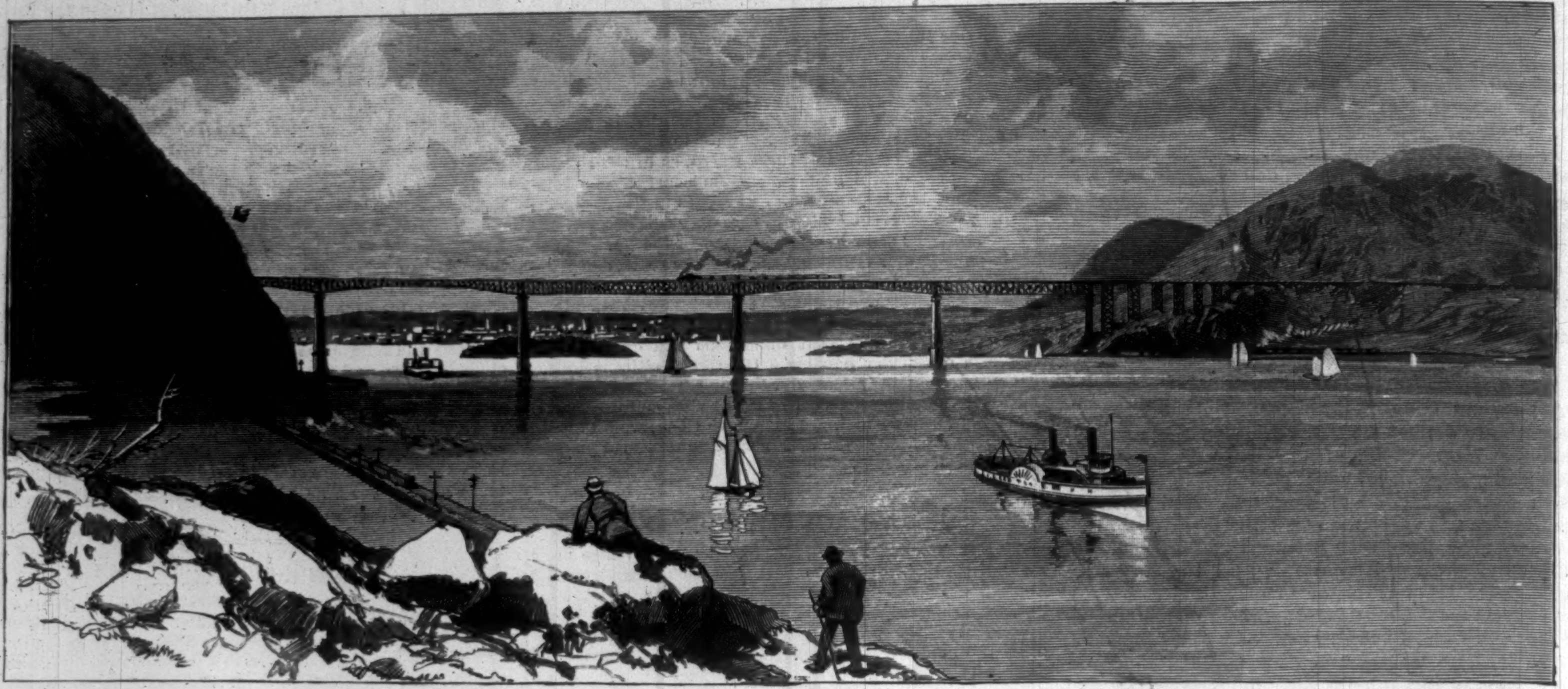
—An esteemed contemporary advises its readers that very profitable hours may be spent in the second-hand book-stores, where valuable and rare works are occasionally found among the musty volumes. But it would be a mistake to assume that the proprietors of these stores do not know the worth of such works. It is their business and their pleasure to be experts in such matters, and their advice is often sought by collectors, and highly prized.

—Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, who was one of the principal bidders at the MORGAN art sale, is a noted collector of Oriental porcelains, and a learned connoisseur. Dealers say that his vases, plaques, and kindred curiosities, if thrown upon the market, would turn out a much better investment than even the MORGAN oil-paintings.

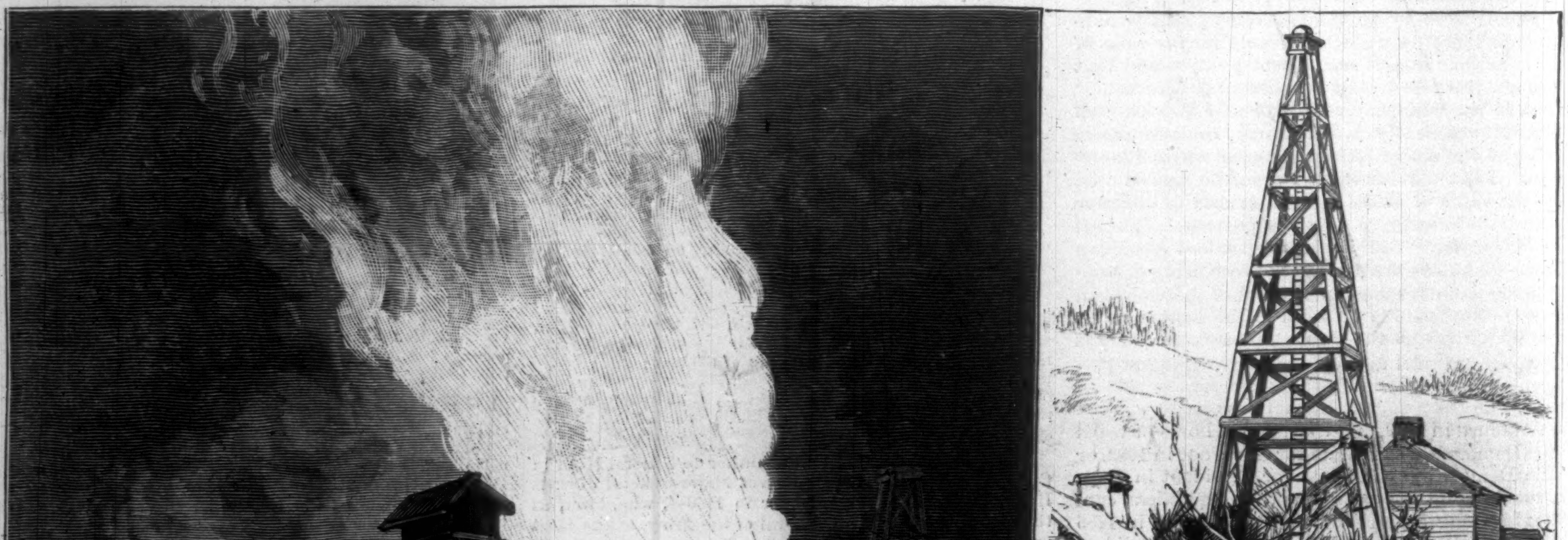
—Mr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, president of the Princeton Alumni Association of New York city, is a son of the late Rev. Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, once a professor in Princeton College, a grandson of the late Rev. Dr. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, the first professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, a nephew of the late WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, formerly a trustee of the college, and a nephew also of HENRY M. ALEXANDER, at present a trustee.

—Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY has again demonstrated the justice of the present excellent reputation of American colored glass by contributing to the new Church of the Holy Cross, which was consecrated by Archbishop CORRIGAN a few days ago, two beautiful transept rose-windows, and several clere-story windows, which contrast favorably with the nine Munich windows in the semicircular dome of the richly elaborated sanctuary of the edifice.

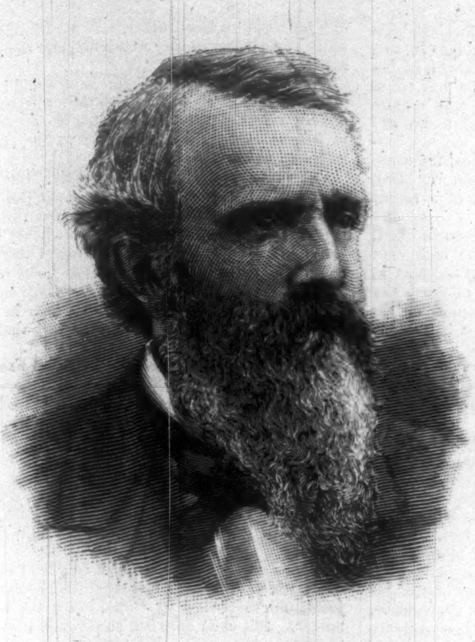
—Sir CHARLES WARREN, the new Chief Commissioner of the London Police, is a soldier, an administrator, and an explorer. He dug eighty feet below the present surface of Jerusalem, and has done more than any of his contemporaries to show up the ancient city as it was. He is colonel of the Royal Engineers, and has commanded troops in western and southern Africa and in Egypt. He is also an author and a statesman. There are persons who think that such a Chief Commissioner of Police would answer very well in this city.


Storm King.
West Shore Railroad.
Newburg.
Hudson River Railroad under Break-neck.

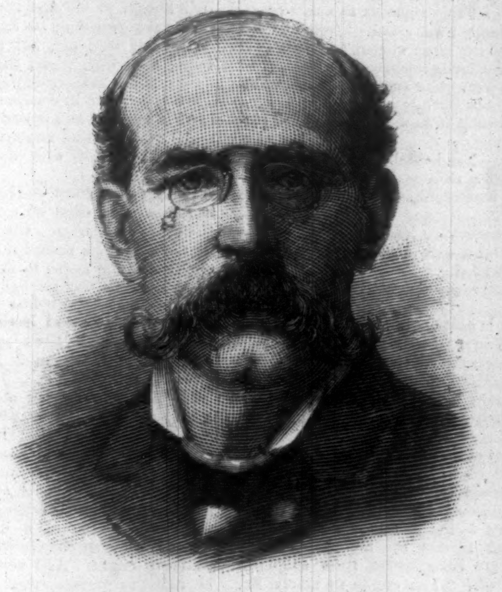
PROPOSED RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON AT STORM KING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM THE ENGINEER'S PLANS.—[SEE PAGE 218.]


A BURNING WELL.
ON THE ROAD TO THE WELLS.

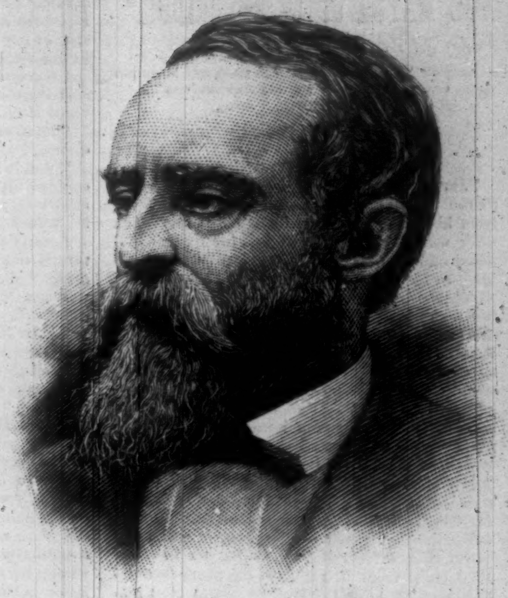
EXPLOSION OF NATURAL GAS AT MURRYSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM SKETCHES BY THOMAS S. CLARKE.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



GEORGE HEARST, SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.



TERENCE V. POWDERLY, GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR OF AMERICA.
Photographed by Kuebler, Philadelphia.



H. M. HOXIE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD.
Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 218.]

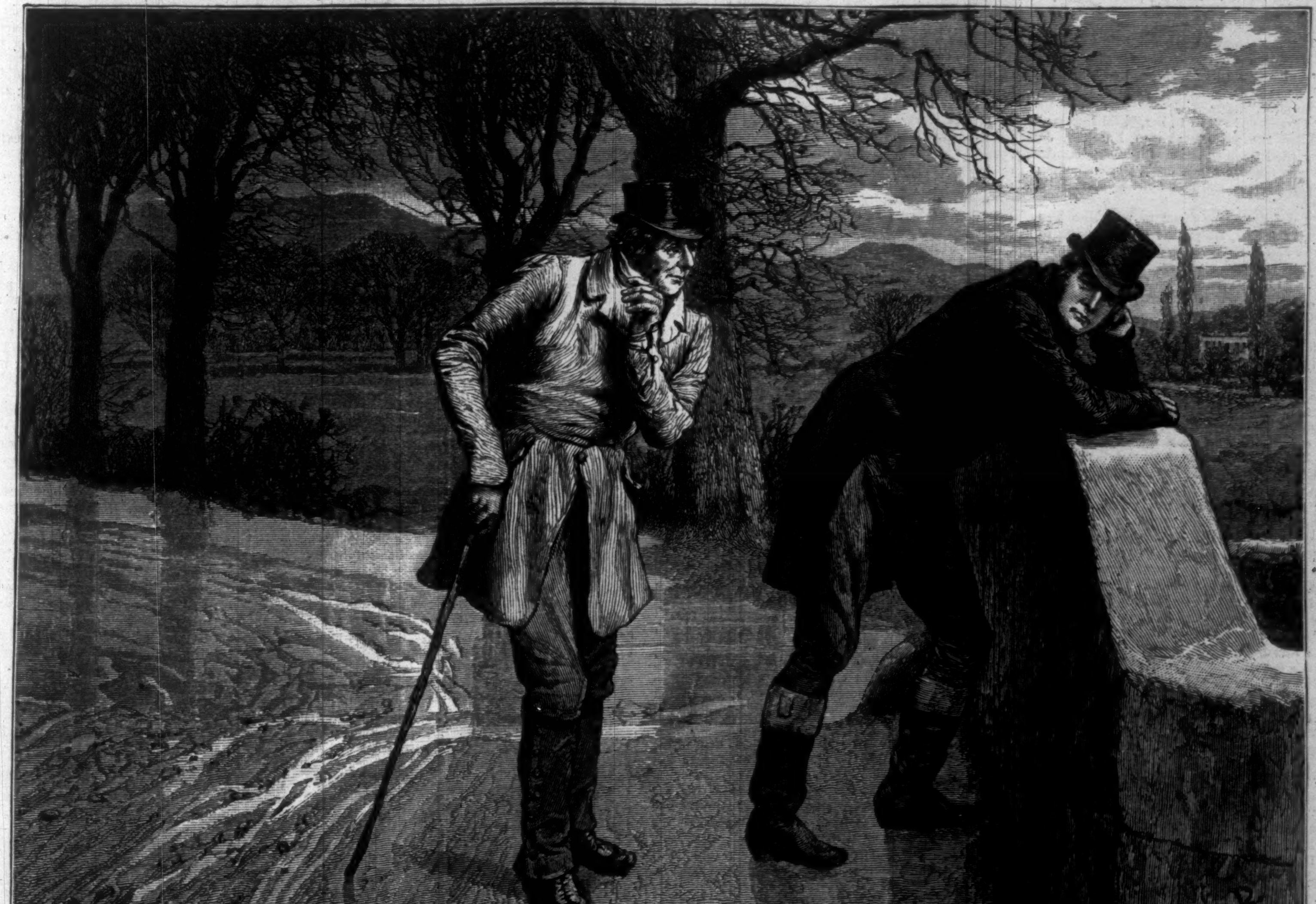
SENATOR MILLER'S SUCCESSOR.

The term for which John F. Miller was elected Senator from California will expire March 4, 1887. Governor Stoneman has filled the vacancy which the death of Senator Miller created by the appointment of George Hearst. Like many of the Senators from the Pacific States, Mr. Hearst is a very rich man, his wealth consisting of mining properties. Apart from the conspicuousness given to him by his fortune, he is well known in Californian politics as the owner of the San Francisco *Examiner*, and as an active Democrat, having been a competitor for the Senatorship against Governor Stanford, and a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor against General Stoneman.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

An outline of the history of the strike upon the "Gould system" of railroads in the Southwest during last week is given upon page 218. The strike was brought about by the local organizations of the Knights of Labor in the region affected by it, apparently without consultation with the central body. Mr. Terence V. Powderly, the General Master Workman and executive head of the order, left his home in Scranton for St. Louis when it became evident that the strike was to be a serious and extensive affair. He attempted to moderate the zeal and combativeness of the Missouri assemblies, but apparently without complete success. On March 26 he found it necessary to contradict the prediction of Mr. Irons, who, as chairman of the Executive Committee of District No. 101, had been the leader of the strike, that the strike would extend over the whole country, and embrace all occupations in which the laborers were under the control of the organization. On the same day a long and vigorous address by Mr. Powderly to the Knights of Labor was made public, although its author had intended it as a confidential circular. He deprecated ranting talk and hasty action, and advised the assemblies not to elect their officers because of their eloquence or of their zeal, but solely for the soundness of their judgment. Of the strikes in the Southwest he said, "It would have been far better to continue at work and properly investigate the matter than to have struck." In conclusion he said, while deprecating all forms of violence, "either the local and district assemblies of the order must obey its laws, or I must be permitted to resign from a vocation which obliges me to play one part before the public and another to our members." On the day on which this address was published its author came to New York for the purpose of meeting the other members of the Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor, and endeavoring to obtain a peaceable solution of the questions involved in the strikes upon the Southwestern roads. With this view the committee on the following day proposed to Mr. Gould the selection of three arbitrators on their part and three on his, these six to choose a seventh, and the Knights of Labor to abide by the decision of the tribunal thus composed. On Sunday Mr. Gould consented, and on Sunday night Mr. Powderly telegraphed "to the Knights of Labor on strike in the Southwest to resume work at once."

Terence V. Powderly has always lived in the coal region of Pennsylvania, where labor troubles may be said to be endemic. He was born in 1849 at Carbondale, and has for many years been a resident of Scranton, of which town he has several times been Mayor. He was brought up to the trade of a machinist, and employed all the leisure his employment allowed him in study, especially the study of engineering. For the past sixteen years he has devoted a great part of his time to the organization of labor, and has been six times elected to the office he now holds. The order of Knights of Labor was founded in 1869 by five workmen of Philadelphia, the leading spirit being Uriah S. Stevens, a clothing cutter, who became General Master Workman in 1878, when the national organization was formed, and was succeeded in that office by Mr. Powderly.



"HENCHARD RETURNED HIM A SCARCELY PERCEPTIBLE NOD, AND JOPP STOPPED."—[See Serial "The Mayor of Casterbridge," Page 214.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.[*]

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

Farfrae's words to his landlady had referred to the removal of his boxes and other effects from his late lodgings to Lucetta's house. The work was not heavy, but it had been much hindered on account of the frequent pauses necessitated by exclamations of surprise at the event, of which she had been briefly informed by letter a few hours earlier.

At the last moment of leaving Port-Breedy, Farfrae, like John Gilpin, had been detained by important customers, whom, even in the exceptional circumstances, he was not the man to neglect. Moreover there was a convenience in Lucetta arriving first at her house. Nobody there as yet knew what had happened; and she was best in a position to break the news to the inmates, and give directions for her husband's accommodation. He had, therefore, sent on his two days' bride in a hired brougham, whilst he went across the country to a certain group of wheat and barley ricks a few miles off, telling her the hour at which he might be expected the same evening. This accounted for her trotting out to meet him after their separation of four hours.

By a strenuous effort, after leaving Henchard, she calmed herself in readiness to receive Donald at High Street Hall when he came on from his lodging. One supreme fact empowered her to this, the sense that, come what would, she had secured him. Half an hour after her arrival he walked in, and she met him with a relieved gladness which a month's perilous absence could not have intensified.

"There is one thing I have not done, and yet it is important," she said, earnestly, when she had finished talking about the adventure with the bull; "that is, broken the news of our marriage to my dear Elizabeth Jane."

"Ah, and you have not," he said, thoughtfully. "I gave her a lift from the barn homeward; but I did not tell her either, for I thought she might have heard of it in the town, and was keeping back her congratulations from shyness, and all that."

"She can hardly have heard of it. But I'll find out; I'll go to her now. And, Donald, you don't mind her living on with me just the same as before? She is so quiet and unassuming."

"Oh no; indeed I don't," Farfrae answered, with perhaps a faint awkwardness. "But I wonder if she would care to?"

"Oh yes," said Lucetta, eagerly. "I am sure she would like to. Besides, poor thing, she has no other home."

Farfrae looked at her, and saw that she did not suspect the secret of her more reserved friend. He liked her all the better for the blindness. "Arrange as you like with her by all means," he said. "It is I who have come to your house, not you to mine."

"I'll run and speak to her," said Lucetta.

When she got upstairs to Elizabeth Jane's room, the latter had taken off her out-door things, and was resting over a book. Lucetta found in a moment that she had not as yet learned the news.

"I did not come down to you, Miss Templeman," she said, simply. "I was coming to ask if you had quite recovered from your fright, but I found you had a visitor. What are the bells ringing for, I wonder? and the band, too, is playing. Somebody must be married; or else they are practising for Christmas."

Lucetta uttered a vague "Yes," and seated herself by the other young woman, looking musingly at her. "What a lonely creature you are," she presently said; "never knowing what's going on, or what people are talking about everywhere with keen interest. You should get out and gossip about as other women do, and then you wouldn't be obliged to ask me a question of that kind. Well, now I have something to tell you."

Elizabeth Jane said she was so glad, and made herself receptive.

"I must go rather a long way back," said Lucetta, the difficulty of explaining herself satisfactorily to the pondering one beside her growing more apparent at each syllable. "You remember that trying case of conscience I told you of some time ago—about the first lover and the second lover." She let out in jerky phrases a leading word or two of the story she had told.

"Oh yes, I remember; the story of *your friend*," said Elizabeth, dryly, regarding the irises of Lucetta's eyes as though to catch their exact shade. "The two lovers—the old and the new: how she wanted to marry the second, but felt she ought to marry the first; so that the good she would have done she did not, and the evil that she would not, that she did—exactly like the Apostle Paul."

"Oh no; she didn't do evil," said Lucetta, hastily.

"But you said that she—or, as I may say, *you*"—answered Elizabeth, dropping the mask, "were in honor and truth bound to marry the first."

Lucetta's blush at being seen through came and went again as she replied, anxiously, "You will never breathe this, will you, Elizabeth Jane?"

"Certainly not, if you say not."

"Then I will tell you that the case is more complicated—worse, in fact—than it seemed in my story. I and the first man went to be married, and thought we were married. He was a widower, as we supposed. He had not heard of his first wife for many years. But the wife returned, and we parted. She is now dead, and the husband comes paying me addresses again, saying, 'Now we'll complete our marriage.' But, Elizabeth Jane, all this amounts to a new courtship of me by him; I was absolved from all vows by the return of the other woman."

"Have you not lately renewed your promise?" said the other, with quiet surmise. She had divined Man Number One.

"That was wrung from me by a threat of revelation."

"Yes, it was. But I think when any one gets coupled up with a man in the past so unfortunately as you have done, she ought to become his wife."

Lucetta's countenance lost its sparkle. "He turned out to be a man I should be afraid to marry," she pleaded. "Really afraid. And it was not till after my renewed promise that I knew it."

"Then there is only one course left to decency and honesty. You must remain a single woman."

"But think again. Do consider—"

"I am certain," interrupted her companion, hardily. "I have guessed very well who the man is. My father; and I say it is him or nobody for you."

Any suspicion of lack of respectability was to Elizabeth Jane like a red rag to a bull. Her craving for correctness of environment was, indeed, almost vicious. Owing to her early troubles with regard to her mother, a semblance of irregularity had terrors for her which those whose names are safeguarded from suspicion know nothing of. "You ought to marry Mr. Henchard or nobody — certainly not another man," she went on, with a quivering lip, in whose movement two passions shared.

"I don't admit that," said Lucetta, passionately.

"Admit it or not, it is true."

Lucetta covered her eyes with her right hand, as if she could plead no more, holding out her left to Elizabeth Jane.

"Why, you *have* married him!" cried the latter, jumping up with pleasure after a glance at Lucetta's fingers. "When did you do it? Why did you not tell me, instead of teasing me like this? How very honorable of you! He did treat my mother badly once, it seems, in a moment of intoxication. And it is true that he is stern sometimes. But you will rule him entirely, I am sure, with your beauty and wealth and accomplishments. You are the woman he will adore, and we shall all three be happy together now."

"Oh, my Elizabeth Jane!" cried Lucetta, distressfully. "'Tis somebody else that I have married! I was so desperate—so afraid of being forced to anything else—so afraid of revelations that would quench his love for me, that I resolved to do it off-hand, come what might, and purchase a week of happiness at any cost."

"You — have—married Mr. Farfrae!" cried Elizabeth Jane, in Nathan tones.

Lucetta bowed. She had recovered herself.

"The bells are ringing on that account," she said. "My husband is down-stairs. He will live here till a more suitable house is ready for us; and I have told him that I want you to stay with me just as before."

"Let me think of it alone," the girl quickly replied, corking up the turmoil of her feeling with grand control.

"You shall. I am sure we shall be happy together."

Lucetta departed to join Donald below, a vague uneasiness floating over her joy at seeing him quite at home there. Not on account of her friend Elizabeth did she feel it; for of the bearings of Elizabeth Jane's emotions she had not the least suspicion; but on Henchard's alone.

Now the instant decision of Susan Henchard's daughter was to dwell in that house no more. Apart from her estimate of the propriety of Lucetta's conduct, Farfrae had been so nearly her avowed lover that she felt she could not live there.

It was still early in the evening when she hastily put on her things and went out. In a few minutes, knowing the ground, she had found a suitable lodging, and arranged to enter it that night. Returning and entering noiselessly, she took off her pretty dress, and arrayed herself in a plain one, packing up the other to keep as her best; for she would have to be very economical now. She wrote a note to leave for Lucetta, who was closely shut up in the drawing-room with Farfrae; and then Elizabeth Jane called a man with a wheelbarrow; and seeing her boxes put into it, she trotted off down the street to her rooms. They were in the street in which Henchard lived, and almost opposite his door.

Here she sat down and considered the means of subsistence. The little annual sum settled on her by her step-father would keep body and soul together. A wonderful skill in netting of all sorts—acquired in childhood by making seines in Newson's home—might serve her in good stead; and her studies, which she pursued unremittingly, might serve her in still better.

By this time the marriage that had taken place was known throughout Casterbridge; had been discussed noisily on curb-stones, confidentially behind counters, and jovially at the King of Prussia. Whether Farfrae would sell his business and set up for a gentleman on his wife's money, or whether he would show independence enough to stick to his trade in spite of his brilliant alliance, was a great point of interest.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The retort of the furmity woman before the magistrates had spread; and in four-and-twenty hours there was not a person in Casterbridge who remained unacquainted with the story of Henchard's mad freak at Weydon Priors Fair, long years before. The amends he had made in after-life were lost sight of in the dramatic glare of the original act. Had the incident been well known of old and always, it might by this time have grown to be lightly regarded as the rather tall wild oat, but the single one, of a young man with whom the steady and mature (if somewhat headstrong) burgher of to-day had scarcely a point in common. But the act having lain as dead and buried ever since, the interspace of years was unperceived; and the black spot of his youth wore the aspect of a recent crime.

Small as the court incident had been in itself, it formed the edge or turn in the incline of Henchard's fortunes. On that day—almost at that minute—he passed the ridge of prosperity and honor, and began to descend rapidly on the other side. It was strange how soon he sank in esteem. Socially he had received a startling fillip downward; and having already lost commercial buoyancy from rash transactions, the velocity of his descent in both aspects became accelerated every hour.

He now gazed more at the pavements, and less at the house fronts, when he walked about; more at the feet and leggings of men, and less into the pupils of their eyes with the blazing regard which formerly had made them blink.

New events combined to undo him. It had been a bad year for others besides himself, and the heavy failure of a debtor whom he had trusted implicitly completed the overthrow of his tottering credit. And now, in his desperation, he failed to preserve that strict correspondence between bulk and sample, which is the soul of commerce in grain. For this one of his men was mainly to blame; that worthy, in his great unwisdom, having picked over the sample of an enormous quantity of second-rate corn which Henchard had in hand, and removed the pinched, blasted, and smutted grains in great numbers. The produce, if honestly offered, would have created no scandal; but the blunder of misrepresentation, coming at such a moment, dragged Henchard's name into the ditch.

The details of his failure were of the ordinary kind. One day Elizabeth Jane was passing the Golden Crown, when she saw people bustling in and out more than usual when there was no market. A by-stander informed her, with some surprise at her ignorance, that it was a meeting of the Commissioners under Mr. Henchard's bankruptcy. She felt quite tearful, and when she heard that he was present in the hotel she wished to go in and see him, but was advised not to intrude that day.

The room in which debtor and creditors had assembled was a front one, and Henchard, looking out of the window, had caught sight of Elizabeth Jane through the wire blind. His examination had closed, and the creditors were leaving. The appearance of Elizabeth threw him into a reverie, till, turning his face from the window, and towering above all the rest, he called their attention for a moment more. His countenance had somewhat changed from its flush of prosperity; the black hair and whiskers were the same as ever, but a film of ash was over the rest.

"Gentlemen," he said, "over and above the assets that we've been talking about, and that appear on the balance-sheet, there be these. It all belongs to ye, as much as everything else I've got, and I don't wish to keep it from you, not I." Saying this, he took his gold watch from his pocket, and laid it on the table; then his purse—the yellow canvas money-bag, such as was carried by all farmers and dealers—untying it, and shaking the money out upon the table beside the watch. The latter he drew back quickly for an instant to remove the hair guard made and given him by Lucetta. "There, now you have all," he said. "And I wish for your sakes 'twas more."

The creditors, farmers almost to a man, looked at the watch, and at the money, and into the street; when Farmer James Everdene spoke.

"No, no, Henchard," he said, warmly. "We don't want that. 'Tis honorable in ye, but keep it. What do you say, neighbors—do ye agree?"

"Ay, sure: we don't wish it at all," said Grower, another creditor.

"Let him keep it, of course," murmured another, in the background—a silent, reserved young man, named Boldwood, and the rest responded unanimously.

"Well," said the senior Commissioner, addressing Henchard, "though the case is a desperate one, I am bound to admit that I have never met a debtor who behaved more fairly. I've proved the balance-sheet to be as honestly made out as it could possibly be; we have had no trouble; there have been no evasions and no concealments. The rashness of dealing which led to this unhappy situation is obvious enough; but as far as I can see, every attempt has been made to avoid wronging anybody."

Henchard was more affected by this than he cared to let them perceive, and he turned aside to the window again. A general murmur of agreement followed the Commissioner's words, and the meeting dispersed. When they were gone, Henchard regarded the watch they had returned to him. "'Tisn't mine by rights," he said to himself. "Why the devil didn't they take it? I don't want what don't belong to me." Moved by a recollection, he took the watch to the maker's just opposite, and sold it there and then for what the tradesmen offered, and went with the proceeds to one among the smaller of his creditors, a cottager of Dummerford, in straitened circumstances, to whom he handed the money.

When everything was ticketed that Henchard had owned, and the auctions were in progress, there was quite a sympathetic reaction in the town, which till then for some time past had done nothing but condemn him. Now that Henchard's whole career was pictured distinctly to his neighbors, and they could see how admirably he had used his one talent of energy to create a position of affluence out of absolutely nothing — which was really all he could show when he came to the town as a journeyman hay-trusser, with his wimble and knife in his basket—they wondered, and regretted his fall.

Try as she might, Elizabeth Jane could never meet with him. She believed in him still, though nobody else did; and she wanted to be allowed to forgive him for his roughness to her, and to help him in his trouble.

She wrote to him; he did not reply. She then went to his house—the great house she had lived in so happily for a time—with its front of dun brick, vitrified here and there, and its heavy sash-bars; but Henchard was to be found there no more. The ex-Mayor had left the home of his prosperity, and gone into Jopp's cottage by the Priory Mill—the sad purlieu to which he had wandered on the night of his discovery that she was not his daughter. Thither she went.

Elizabeth thought it odd that he had fixed on this spot to retire to, but assumed that necessity had no choice. Trees which seemed old enough to have been planted by the friars still stood around, and the back-hatch of the original mill yet formed a cascade which had raised its terrific roar for centuries. The cottage itself was built of old stones from the long-dismantled Priory, scraps of tracery, moulded window-jambs, and arch-labels being mixed in with the rubble of the walls.

In this cottage he occupied a couple of rooms, Jopp, whom Henchard had employed, abused, cajoled, and dismissed by turns, being the householder. But even here her step-father could not be seen.

"Not by his daughter?" pleaded Elizabeth Jane.

"By nobody—at present; that's his order," she was informed.

Afterward she was passing by the corn stores and hay barns which had been the head-quarters of his business. She knew that he ruled there no longer, but it was with amazement that she regarded the familiar gateway. A smear of decisive lead-colored paint had been laid on to obliterate Henchard's name, though its letters dimly loomed through like ships in a fog. Over these, in fresh white, spread the name of Farfrae.

Abel Whittle was edging his skeleton in at the wicket, and she said, "Mr. Farfrae is master here?"

"Ya-as, Miss Henchet," he said, "Mr. Farfrae have bought the concern and all of we work-folk with it; and 'tis better for us than 'twas—though I shouldn't say that to you as a daughter-law. We work harder, but we bain't made afeard now. It was fear made my few poor hairs so thin. No busting out, no slamming of doors, no meddling with yer eternal soul and all that; and though 'tis a shilling a week less, I'm the richer man; for what's all the world if yer mind is always in a larry, Miss Henchet?"

The intelligence was in a general sense true; and Henchard's stores, which had remained in a paralyzed condition during the settlement of his bankruptcy, were stirred into activity again when the new tenant had possession. Thenceforward the full sacks, looped with the shining chain, went scurrying up and down under the cat-head; hairy arms were thrust out from the different doorways, and the grain was hauled in; trusses of hay were tossed anew in and out of the barns, and the wimbles creaked; while the scales and steelyards began to be busy where guess-work had formerly been the rule.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Two bridges stood near the lower part of Casterbridge town.

The first, of weather-stained brick, was immediately at the end of High Street, where a diverging branch of that thoroughfare ran round to the low-lying Dummerford lanes, so that the precincts of the bridge formed the merging point of respectability and indigence. The second bridge, of stone, was further out on the highway; in fact, fairly in the meadows, though still within the town boundary.

These bridges had speaking countenances. Every projection in each was worn down to obtuseness, partly by weather, more by friction from generations of loungers, whose toes and heels had from year to year made restless movements against these parapets as they had stood there meditating on the aspect of affairs. In the case of the more friable bricks and stones even the flat faces were worn into hollows by the same mixed mechanism. The masonry of the top was clamped with iron at each point, since it had been no uncommon thing for desperate men to wrench the coping off and throw it down the river, in reckless defiance of the magistrates.

For to this pair of bridges gravitated all the failures of the town: those who had failed in business, in love, in sobriety, in crime. Why the unhappy hereabout usually chose the bridges for their meditations in preference to a railing, a gate, or a stile, was not so clear.

There was a marked difference of quality between the personages who haunted the near bridge of brick and the personages who haunted the far one of stone. Those of lowest character preferred the former, adjoining the town; they did not mind the glare of the public eye. They had been of comparatively no account during their successes, and, though they might feel dispirited, they had no particular sense of shame in their ruin. Their hands were mostly kept in their pockets; they wore a leather strap round their waists, and boots that required a great deal of lacing, but seemed never to get any. Instead of sighing at their adversities, they spat; and instead of saying the iron had entered into their souls, they said they were down on their luck. Jopp in his times of distress had often stood here; so had Mother Cuxsom, Christopher Coney, and poor Abel Whittle.

The *misérables* who stood on the remoter bridge were of a politer stamp. They included bankrupts, hypochondriacs, persons who were what is called "out of a situation" from fault or lucklessness, the inefficient of the professional class—shabby-genteel men, who did not know how to get rid of the weary time between breakfast and dinner, and the yet more weary time between dinner and dark. The eyes of this group were mostly directed over the parapet upon the running water below. A man seen there looking thus fixedly into the river was pretty sure to be one whom the world did not treat kindly for some reason or other. While those in straits on the townward bridge did not mind who saw them so, and kept their backs to the parapet to survey the passers-by, those in straits on this never faced the road, never turned their heads at coming footsteps, but, sensitive to their condition, watched the current whenever a stranger approached, as if some strange fish interested them, though every finned thing had been poached out of the river years before.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

There and thus they would muse. If their grief were the grief of oppression, they would wish themselves kings; if their grief were poverty, wish themselves millionaires; if sin, they would wish they were saints or angels; if despised love, that they were one of the courted Adonises in the country round. Some had been known to stand and think so long with this fixed gaze downward that eventually they had allowed their poor carcasses to follow that gaze, and they were discovered the next morning in the pool beneath out of reach of their troubles.

To this bridge came Henchard, as the other unfortunates had come before him, his way thither being by the river-side path on the chilly edge of the town. Here he was standing one windy afternoon when Dummerford Church clock struck five. While the gusts were bringing the notes to his ears across the damp intervening flat a man passed behind him, and greeted Henchard by name. Henchard turned slightly, and saw that the comer was Jopp, his old foreman, now employed elsewhere, to whom, though he hated him, he had gone for lodgings, because Jopp was the one man in Casterbridge whose observation and opinion the fallen corn-merchant despised to the point of indifference.

Henchard returned him a scarcely perceptible nod, and Jopp stopped.

"He and she are gone into their new house to-day," said Jopp.

"Oh," said Henchard, absently. "Which house is that?"

"Your old one."

"Gone into my house?" And starting up, Henchard added, "*My* house of all others in the town!"

"Well, as somebody was sure to live there, and you couldn't, it can do ye no harm that he's the man."

It was quite true: he felt that it was doing him no harm. Farfrae, who had already taken the yards and stores, had acquired possession of the house for the obvious convenience of its contiguity. And yet this act of his taking up residence within those roomy chambers while he, their former tenant, lived in a cottage, galled him indescribably.

Jopp continued: "And you heard of that fellow who bought all the best furniture at your sale? He was bidding for no other than Farfrae all the while. It has never been moved out of the house, as he'd already got the lease."

"My furniture too! Surely he'll buy my body and soul likewise."

"There's no saying he won't, if you be willing to sell." And having planted these wounds in the heart of his once imperious master, Jopp went on his way, while Henchard stared and stared into the racing river till the bridge seemed moving backward with him.

The low land grew blacker, and the sky a deeper gray. When the landscape looked like a picture blotted in with ink, another traveller approached the great stone bridge. He was driving a gig, his direction being also townward. On the round of the middle of the arch the gig stopped. "Mr. Henchard?" came from it in the voice of Farfrae. Henchard turned his face.

Finding that he had guessed rightly, Farfrae told the man who accompanied him to drive home, while he alighted, and went up to his former friend.

"I have heard that you think of emigrating, Mr. Henchard," he said. "Is it tr-rue? I have a real reason for asking."

Henchard withheld his answer for several instants, and then said: "Yes, it is true. I am going where you were going to a few years ago, when I prevented you and got you to bide here. 'Tis turn and turn about, isn't it? Do ye mind how we stood like this on the bridge when I persuaded ye to stay? You then stood without a chattel to your name, and I was the master of the house in Corn Street. But now I stand without a stick or a rag, and the master of that house is you."

"Yes, yes; and it is so. Such is the course of things!" said Farfrae, arresting his facial movements.

"Ha, ha, true!" cried Henchard, throwing himself into a mood of jocularity. "Up and down! I'm used to it. What's the odds, after all?"

"Now listen to me, if it's no taking up your time," said Farfrae; "just as I listened to you. Don't go. Stay at home."

"But I can do nothing else, man," said Henchard, scornfully. "The little money I have will just keep body and soul together for a few weeks, and no more. I have not felt inclined to go back to journey-work yet; but I can't stay doing nothing, and my best chance is elsewhere."

"No; but what I propose is this—if ye will listen. Come and live in your old house. We can spare some rooms very well; I am sure my wife would not mind it at all—until there's an opening for ye."

Henchard started. Probably the picture drawn by the unsuspecting Donald of himself under the same roof with Lucetta was too striking to be received with equanimity. "No, no," he said, gruffly; "we should quarrel."

"You should hae a part to yourself," said Farfrae; "and nobody would interrupt you. It will be healthier than down there by the river where you live now."

Still Henchard refused. "You don't know what you ask," he said. "However, I can do no less than thank ye."

They walked into the town together side by side, as they had done when Henchard had persuaded the young Scotchman to remain. "Will you come in and have some supper?" said Farfrae, when they reached the middle of the town, where their paths diverged right and left.

"No, no."

"By-the-bye, I had nearly forgot. I bought a good deal of your furniture."

"So I have heard."

"Well, it was no that I wanted it so very much for myself; but I wish ye to pick out all that you care to have—such things as may be endeared to ye by associations, or particularly suited to your use. And take them to your own house; it will not be depriving me; we can do with less very well; and I will have plenty of opportunities of getting more."

"What—give it to me for nothing?" said Henchard. "But you paid the creditors for it."

"Ah, yes; but maybe it's worth more to you than it is to me."

Henchard was a little moved. "I—sometimes think I've wronged ye!" he said, in tones which showed the disquietude that the night shades hid in his face. He shook Farfrae abruptly by the hand, and hastened away as if unwilling to betray himself further. Farfrae saw him turn through the thoroughfare into Bull Stake and vanish down toward the Priory Mill.

Meanwhile Elizabeth Jane, in an upper room no larger than the Prophet's chamber, and with the silk attire of her palmy days packed away in a box, was netting with great industry between the hours which she devoted to studying such books as she could get hold of.

Her lodgings being nearly opposite her step-father's former residence, now Farfrae's, she could see Donald and Lucetta speeding in and out of their door with all the bounding enthusiasm of their situation. She avoided looking that way as much as possible, but it was hardly in human nature to keep the eyes averted when the door slammed.

While living on thus quietly she heard the news that Henchard had caught cold and was confined to his room—possibly a result of standing about the meads in damp weather. She went off to his house at once. This time she was determined not to be denied admittance, and made her way upstairs. He was sitting up in the bed with a great-coat round him, and at first resented her intrusion. "Go away—go away," he said. "I don't like to see ye!"

"But, father—"

"I don't like to see ye," he repeated.

However, the ice was broken, and she remained. She made the room more comfortable, gave directions to the people below, and by the time she went away had reconciled her step-father to her visiting him.

The effect either of her ministrations or of her mere presence was a rapid recovery. He soon was well enough to go out; and now things seemed to wear a new color in his eyes. He no longer thought of emigration, and thought more of Elizabeth. The having nothing to do made him more dreary than any other circumstance; and one day, with better views of Farfrae than he had held for some time, he stoically went down to Farfrae's yard and asked to be taken on as a journeyman hay-trusser. He was engaged at once.

The hiring of Henchard was done through a foreman, Farfrae feeling that it was undesirable to come personally in contact with the ex-corn-factor more than was absolutely necessary. While anxious to help him he was well aware by this time of his uncertain temper, and thought reserved relations best. For the same reason, his orders to Henchard to proceed to this and that country farm trussing in the usual way were always given through a third person.

For a time these arrangements worked well, it being the custom to truss in the respective stack-yards, before bringing it away, the hay bought at the different farms about the neighborhood; so that Henchard was often absent at such places the whole week long. When this was all done, and Henchard had become in a measure broken in, he came to work daily on the home premises like the rest. And thus the once flourishing merchant and Mayor and what not stood as a day-laborer in the barns and granaries he formerly had owned.

"I have worked as a journeyman before now, ha'n't I?" he would say, in his defiant way; "and why shouldn't I do it again?" But he looked a far different journeyman from the one he had been in his earlier days. Then he had worn clean, suitable clothes, light and cheerful in hue; leggings yellow as marigolds, corduroys immaculate as new flax, and a neckerchief like a flower-garden. Now he wore the remains of an old blue cloth suit of his gentlemanly times, a rusty silk hat, and a once black satin stock, soiled and shabby. Clad thus, he went to and fro, still comparatively a young man—for he was not much over forty—and saw with the other men in the yard Donald Farfrae going in and out the green door that led to the garden, and the big house, and Lucetta.

At the beginning of the winter it was rumored about Casterbridge that Mr. Farfrae, already in the Town Council, was to be proposed for Mayor in a year or two.

"Yes, she was wise, she was wise in her generation," said Henchard to himself, when he heard of this one day on his way to Farfrae's hay barn. He thought it over as he wimbled his bonds, and the piece of news acted as a reviviscent breath to that old view of his—of Donald Farfrae as his triumphant rival who rode rough-shod over him.

"A fellow of his age going to be Mayor, indeed!" he murmured, with a corner-drawn smile on his mouth. "But 'tis her money that floats en upward. Ha! ha! how cust odd it is! Here be I, he's former master, working for him as man, and he the man standing as master, with my house and my furniture and my wife all his own."

He repeated these things a hundred times a day. During the whole period of his acquaintance with Lucetta he had never wished to claim her as his own so desperately as he now regretted her loss. It was no mercenary hankering after her fortune that moved him; though that fortune had been the means of making her so much desired by giving her the air of independence and sauciness which attracts men of his composition. It had given her servants, house, and fine clothing—a setting that invested Lucetta with a startling novelty in the eyes of him who had known her in her narrow days.

He accordingly lapsed into moodiness, and at every allusion to the possibility of Farfrae's near election to the municipal chair his former hatred of the Scotchman returned. Concurrently with this he underwent a moral change. It resulted in his significantly saying every now and then, in tones of recklessness, "Only a fortnight more!" "Only a dozen days!" and so forth, lessening his figures day by day.

"Why d'ye say only a dozen days?" asked Solomon Longways, as he worked beside Henchard in the granary weighing oats.

"Because in twelve days I shall be released from my oath."

"What oath?"

"The oath to drink no spirituous liquid. In twelve days it will be twenty years since I swore it, and then I mean to enjoy myself, please God."

Elizabeth Jane sat at her window one Sunday, and while there she heard in the street below a conversation which introduced Henchard's name. She was wondering what was the matter, when a third person who was passing by asked the question in her mind.

"Michael Henchard have busted out drinking after taking nothing for twenty years."

Elizabeth Jane jumped up, put on her things, and went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHILE people were wondering that not the slightest vestige should be found of the schooner that sank the *Oregon*, a newspaper of this town reported that a boat which might have been a schooner's yawl had been "picked up by fishermen about forty-five miles north-northwest of Fire Island Light." The fishermen referred to must have been trout fishermen, whose eagerness for the sport led them to defy the law, and go fishing in March, and they must have been a good deal surprised to find a schooner's yawl astray so well in toward the interior of the State of Connecticut. If it was the yawl of the schooner that sent the *Oregon* to the bottom, one may form some notion of the astounding force of the collision, for the boat must have been projected by a single sudden impetus across Long Island and the Sound to the point on *terra firma* at which the trout fishermen came upon it, since it could not have drifted so far into the continent in the interval of time between the collision and the discovery.

It is said that a number of those New-Yorkers who are distinguished by English ways and manners contemplate the introduction here of the European rule of the road which requires drivers to turn out to the left. The pain which would accrue from such an experiment to the person attempting it, it is quite pitiful to contemplate. To go into battle would be tame and trifling in comparison. Omnibus drivers love a shining mark, and a stolid person hugging with his vehicle the left-hand curb-stone would arouse in them an enthusiasm which would amount to frenzy. It would be a sort of steeple-chase to the hospital, the finish being accomplished in an ambulance.

"The weather is over me a little this morning," remarked, recently, a Frenchman who is zealously studying the idioms of the English language in this city. He had meant to say that he was a little under the weather.

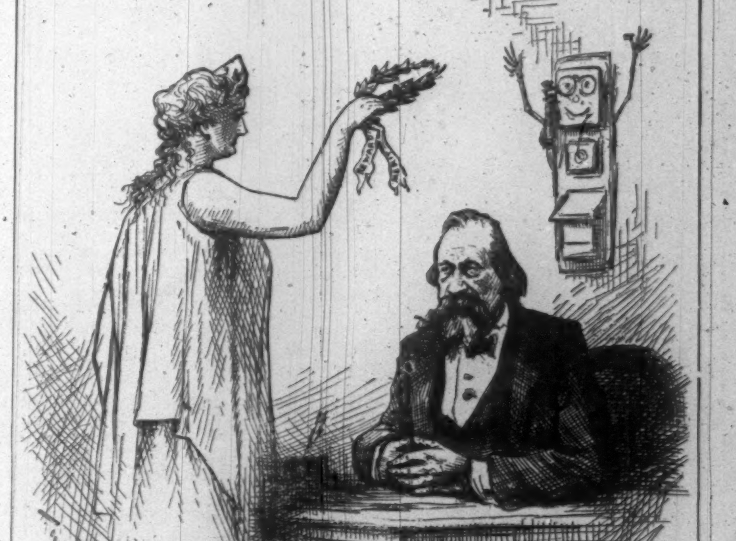
The question has arisen in the trial of a will case in Philadelphia whether the fact that the testator hitched his horse to a sleigh on the Fourth of July is evidence that he was not of sound mind. That would depend on where the testator was at the time. An act may be sane within the arctic circle which at the equator would indicate stark madness.

The disposition of the Parisian people to be original, which a year ago had led them to furnish a café with waiters who were dressed in the garb of convicts, has since led them to dress other waiters in other cafés as Academicians and as monks and nuns, and the Paris papers are saying that it is about time that such nonsense should stop.

A "new and curious disease" is reported from a village in the interior of the State. The description of it says that "the side of the face and head begins to swell, and soon becomes very painful. Sometimes the swelling extends to both sides." Of course it would be known if such were the fact, but the symptoms telegraphed read very much like mumps.

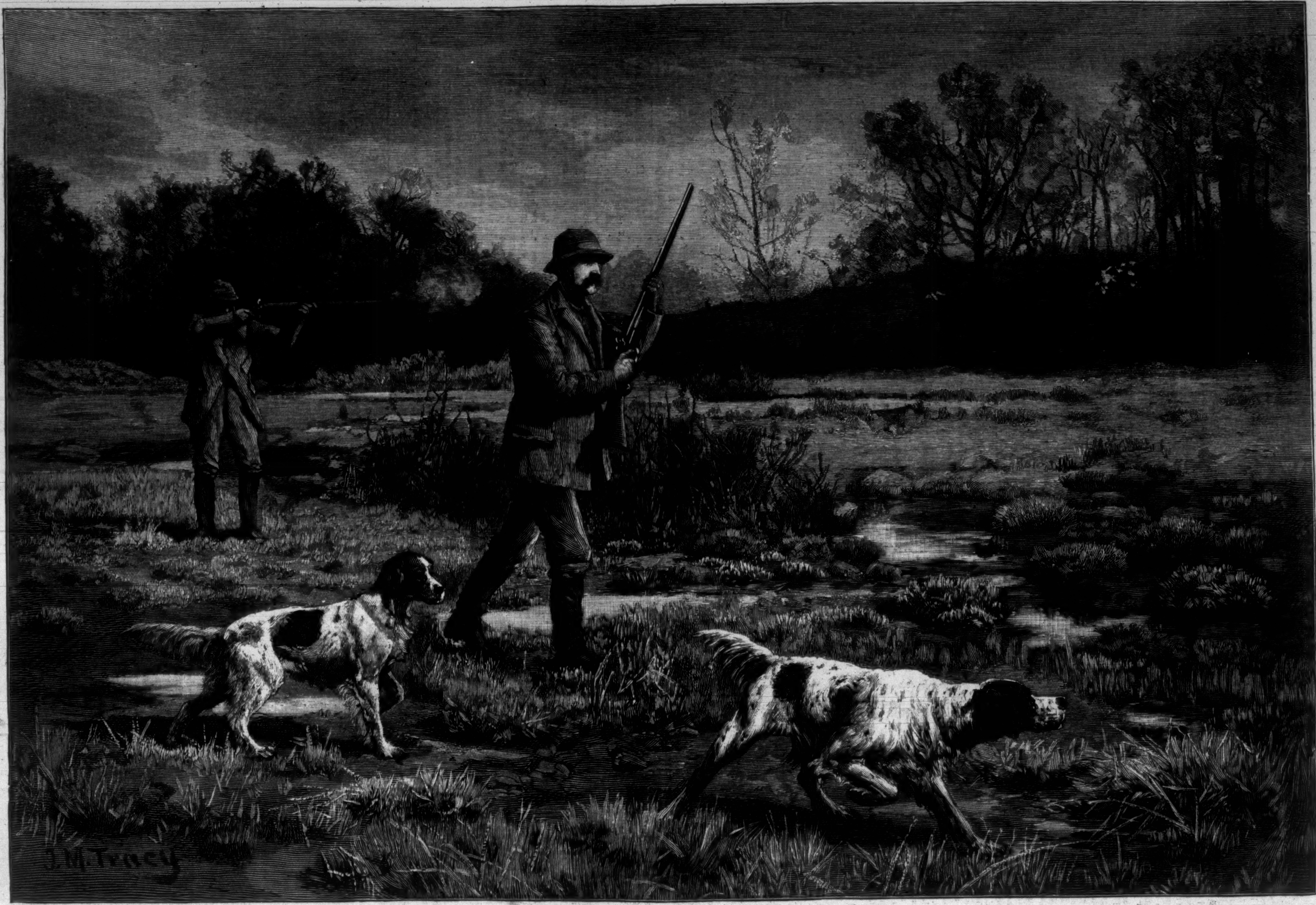
The *Pall Mall Gazette* is of the opinion that "plain living must clearly be the order of the day in Berlin, whether or not high thinking goes along with it. Out of a total population of 1,200,000 nearly 222,000 are altogether exempt from municipal taxation as having incomes of less than £21 a year. The incomes of nearly 270,000 range between £21 and £33, so that however cheap sausage, cabbage, and beer may be, there is clearly no great margin for luxurious excess. When we come to the other end of the scale we find incomes proportionally modest. Incomes between £5000 and £10,000 are credited to 108 individuals; eighteen persons have incomes up to £15,000, fifteen up to £20,000, nine up to £27,000, and four persons only exceed this sum. If we could get at similar statistics of the incomes of Germans in London, the result of the comparison would probably be so startling that half Berlin would rush to swell the tide of Teutonic immigration."

The Civil Service Reform Club of Bloomington, Indiana, the seat of the Indiana State University, recently offered two prizes, one of twenty-five and one of fifteen dollars, for essays on the subject of civil service reform, the only restriction being that for one of the prizes only members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes of the university could compete. A large audience gathered in the university chapel on the evening of February 25 to hear the reading of the essays, which were seven in number. The writers had the liberty, of course, of writing upon either side of the question, but civil service reform received the support of all of them. Two, indeed, started out with the idea of arguing against the reform, in behalf of the spoils system; but an insight of the subject afforded to them in the course of their pursuit of material revealed the poverty of the excuses which the spoils system has to offer, and they swung into line for reform, as people are apt to do who take the trouble to inquire into the merits of this controversy.



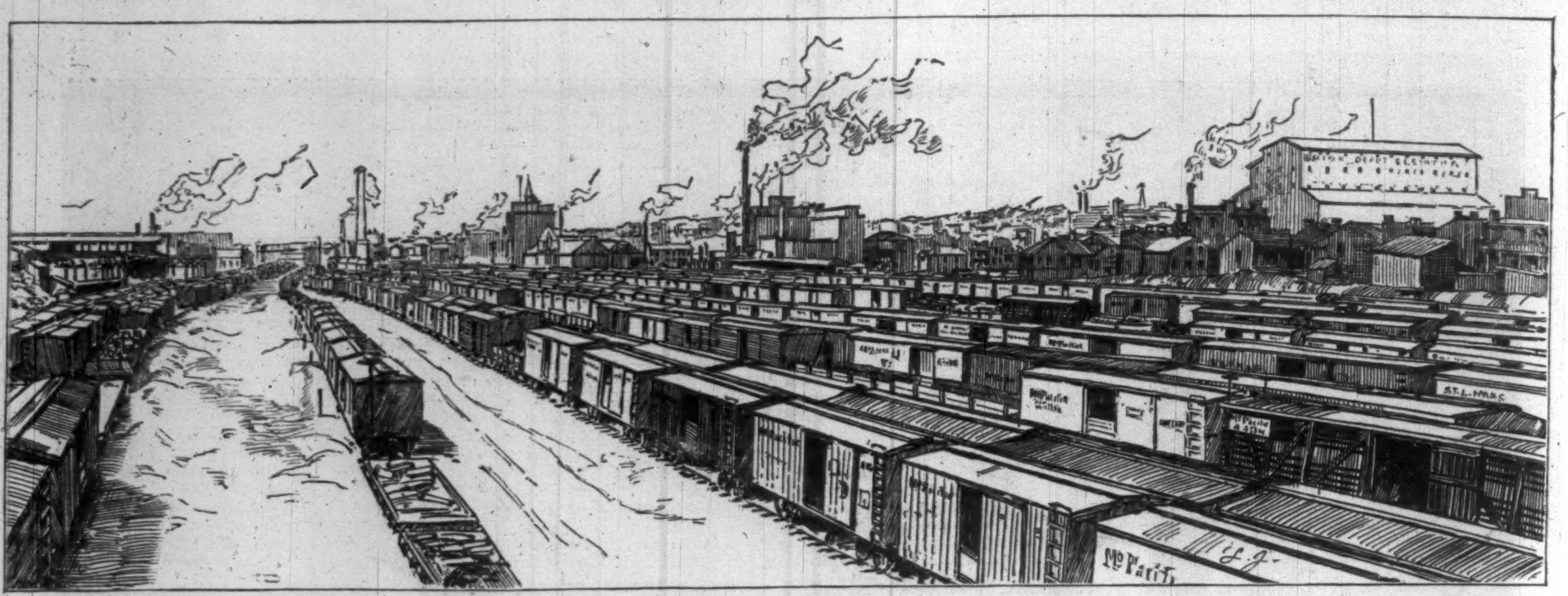
A GARLAND OF HONOR.

FAME. "Mr. Lamar, pick out the real inventor from among the frauds, that he may wear this."



SPRING SNIPE-SHOOTING.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy.—[See Page 218.]

APPROACH TO THE PHILADELPHIA STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



FREIGHT TRAINS BLOCKED AT ST. LOUIS.—Drawn by Louis Joutel from Photographs by R. Benecke, St. Louis.

THE SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD STRIKE.

There is a less clearly defined purpose in the strike of the Knights of Labor employed by the Southwestern railroads than in any other of recent years. Early in March a strike was ordered by the Knights of Labor of certain employés of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, because a foreman had been dismissed, it was claimed, contrary to an agreement between the railway company and the organization to which he belonged. The receiver of the railroad refused to reëmploy the dismissed man, and the Knights of Labor thereupon ordered a strike, first of the men employed in the shops of the Missouri Pacific Company, and then of other employés who were members of the organization. This was in effect a boycott, the purpose of the strikers being to compel the receiver of the Texas and Pacific road to reëmploy the dismissed Knight by obstructing traffic on connecting roads. Mr. H. M. Hoxie, Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific Company, at once informed a committee of the strikers that the Texas road was not in any way under his jurisdiction, and that he had no power to cause the reinstatement of the dismissed foreman. Meanwhile, all freight trains on the "Gould system" of roads, which centres at St. Louis, were stopped, and the greatest blockade of traffic has followed that has been known since the blockade caused by the general strike of railroad employés in 1877. Mr. Hoxie published a statement to the public, in which he claimed that the employés of the roads over which his authority extended had made no complaint, and had no cause to make complaint, and that the blockade of traffic was caused without provocation by the management of the Missouri Pacific Company.

In reply to that, committees of the Knights of Labor have published addresses to the public, to the business men of St. Louis, and to all organizations of working-men, in which they set forth that the managers of the "Gould system" of roads have violated in a succession of instances an agreement entered into in 1884 between the companies and the Knights about increase of pay of certain employés, and the conditions on which men should be dismissed. To these *ex post facto* explanations the managers of the blockaded railways have not replied. But the Governors of Missouri and Kansas met at St. Louis, held a conference with Mr. Hoxie, and at a subsequent conference with a committee of the Knights made an effort to effect a reconciliation. But the Knights refused to return to work without assurance that greater consideration would be given them than hitherto by the managers of the roads. They issued an address refusing to return to work unless a new agreement should be made defining in particular the influence that would be given to their decision concerning the dismissal of men from the service, and threatening a general trial of strength between the Knights and the railroad companies, not only of the Gould system, but all its connections eastward and southward. Another address issued by the strikers on the 24th declared that reconciliation was impossible unless more substantial recognition should be given to the Knights of Labor. Mr. T. V. Powderly, the chief executive officer of the organization, on the same day wrote to ex-Governor Curtin, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, asking for Congressional investigation of the strike and its causes.

For eighteen days the blockade was maintained without other deeds of violence at St. Louis than preventing of freight trains from moving. The Governors of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas issued proclamations on the 26th, calling on the managers of the roads to send out their trains as usual, and on all officers of the law to afford them protection. The railroad company made efforts daily to send out trains, but the strikers disabled the engines, uncoupled the cars, and otherwise prevented a resumption of traffic. The number of men out of employment is not less than 10,000, and the loss to the railroads and to owners of freight is incalculable. The effect of the blockade is felt from one side of the continent to the other.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

The flower exhibition which occupied the Metropolitan Opera-house during four days of last week was undoubtedly the finest yet produced in this city.

Over $30,000 were expended, and leading florists of New York and vicinity worked for weeks in preparation for it. The noticeable feature of the exhibition was the effective and artistic arrangement of the flowers and plants. As one entered the lobby the perfume of the sweet spring flowers arranged in gardens on either side was almost overpowering. Here hyacinths, narcissuses, and tulips bloomed, surrounded by green borders and laid out in moon and star shaped beds.

Passing between these and on through the entrance to the main hall, between hedges of English laurel, one found himself in the midst of a vast garden. Here was almost every kind of plant and flower known to the florist.

On either side of the parquet floor towered a huge palm centuries old, and smaller ones were arranged in stately rows down its centre. On the right, just beyond the smallest of the two giants, a pyramid of party-colored azaleas rises; and on the other side, just opposite an old tree trunk covered with moss and ivy, was the temporary home of countless orchids of grotesque forms and brilliant colors. More orchids, some cut and others potted, were arranged in other pyramids and on tables about the hall. A collection of potted orchids on a table in the right-hand corner near the stage is valued at $3000. These were exhibited by John S. Bush, of Tremont, New York.

A peculiarly fine orchid of wonderful form was exhibited by Mr. Kimball, of Rochester. This flower has waxy petals of a yellowish-green color, from the centre of which grows a green tail over a foot long. It is one of the rarest varieties yet produced.

Other rare specimens in Mr. Kimball's collection were the *Cymbidium lowianum* and the *Dendrobium wardianum.* The first of these has on a single stem thirty-two blossoms of a mauve-lemon and chocolate color. The shape of the blossoms is like that of the tiger-lily. The *Dendrobium* has on a single stem forty-five blossoms of a pink, purple, and lemon shade.

The collections of Erastus Corning, of Albany, and of W. C. Wilson, of Astoria, Long Island, also contain many rare and beautiful specimens.

The roses, two varieties of which have never before been shown in this country, attracted more attention than any of the other flowers, excepting perhaps the orchids, and formed a wonderful collection of varieties rare in size and color.

On a table in the left-hand further corner of the hall, resting on a throne of green leaves, sat the sovereign of the exhibition, the new rose, "Her Majesty." It is a large double-petalled flower of a blush tint, and was exhibited by Mr. James R. Pitcher, of Short Hills, New Jersey.

Among the tea-roses a new variety, "The Bride," occupied a pedestal by herself. This rose is of lemon-white color, shading into blush at the ends of the petals.

Down toward the stage, and separating it from the main floor, a great triple arch, made in the form of the Arc de Triomphe, reached to the ceiling. Cut flowers of brilliant hues, swinging in festoons of ivy or of evergreen, hung down beneath the green circle, and here and there flowering plants added to the beauty of the whole.

Just beyond this a tall fountain arose amid beds of white lilies and lilies-of-the-valley, over which its waters splashed with a gentle murmur. The fountain was encircled by a wire fence, whose meshes were filled with lilies and studded with a thousand electric lights that glowed like molten dew-drops.

Back of the fountain the whole of the rear wall of the stage was composed of mirrors hung at two angles in such a way as to reflect and duplicate the entire hall. Directly in front of the mirrors beds of white lilies grew. On the left of the lilies English primroses peeped out from amid the grass just as they do in their native meadows. On the right, Chinese primroses, blue and pink, bloom in profusion.

Between the fountain and the mirrors, in vivid contrast to the white lilies, a bed of gorgeous cinerarias flaunted their gay blossoms. On either side of the stage tables of cut flowers of all kinds were placed.

Mr. C. F. Klunder, the florist, was the manager of the exhibition, assisted by Mr. John Thorpe, who did so much to make the chrysanthemum show successful. The repetition of such exhibitions may be considered assured.

BRIDGING THE HUDSON.

An illustration is shown in this issue of the lofty iron bridge which it is promised will soon be added to the other imposing features of the Hudson River landscape. When the reader is reminded that the great Brooklyn Bridge is about one hundred and thirty-five feet high, and that the bridge shown in the illustration is to be ninety feet higher, a fair idea of the imposing spectacle that it will present when strung across the river between two lofty mountains can be imagined. The bridge will, as is shown, rest upon five stone piers, three of which will be in the river. Only two of these piers will, however, be in the nature of obstacles to navigation, the third pier being in shallow water on the eastern side of the river. The intervals between the two mid-river piers and on either side of them will be respectively 780 and 705 feet, the width of the river at the point where it is crossed being about twenty-six hundred feet. The clear height from high-water mark to the under side or lower chord of the bridge will vary at different portions of the structure from 150 to 190 feet, at no point being less than the first-mentioned figure. A moment's "figuring" shows that this leaves a height in some places of seventy-five feet to be occupied by the structure itself in making up the total height of 225 feet from the surface of the river to the top of the bridge, and gives a good idea of how the enormous iron structure will loom up between its mountain buttresses. And yet it is declared by engineers that the iron rods and columns of which the structure (which is known as a triple cantilever) will be composed will look like spider-web threads at the great height at which they are strung, and will form a delicate tracery against the sky. The bridge will be laid with two tracks, though only one train will be permitted to pass over it at a time.

The corporation which has, after many ups and downs of legislative success, secured the right to bridge the Hudson is known as the New England and Southwestern Railroad Company, of which General James W. Husted is President, and Mr. Charles H. Swan, Secretary and Manager. The length of this road when completed will be about twenty-six miles, extending from a junction with the New York, Lake Erie, and Western, on the west side of the river, to a junction with the New York and New England and Harlem roads at Brewster's, on the east side. The bridge will extend from the lofty heights of Storm King Mountain, near Cornwall, on the west, to Break-neck Mountain, on the opposite shore, and the railroad will tunnel Bull's-head Mountain for a distance of 3000 feet on its way toward Brewster's.

Considering the fact that the factories of New England use annually about eight millions of tons of coal from the coal fields of Pennsylvania, and that as early as 1864 the late Robert Rankin, consulting engineer of the New York and New England road, demonstrated that coal could be put down in Boston for twenty-three cents a ton less by an all-rail route *vià* Newburg than by the rail and water route *vià* Philadelphia and New York, although the coal cars had to be ferried across the Hudson at Newburg, the importance of this bridge in its effect upon eastern freight can hardly be overestimated. It is also claimed that the new route will be from two to four hundred miles shorter to the Southwestern cotton fields from the New England mills than any route now in use, reducing the cost of cotton, or so it is said, about $1 50 a bale. It is understood that work will begin on the bridge at an early date.

SPRING SNIPE-SHOOTING.

The signs of spring burst upon us. Warm rains are followed by swelling buds; chattering flocks of blackbirds swoop down and scatter over the old cornfields; the lizard and frog sing duets in the lowlands, and the Rockaway clam man carols in the streets. It is then the sportsman knows that the English snipe is on his way, and it is time to be up and at him. Formerly there were grounds in New Jersey, not many miles distant from this city, where, under certain conditions, fine snipe-shooting was to be had, but the glory of these spots has long since departed, owing to innumerable causes, in which drainage and incessant shooting have played most important parts. The English snipe shooter, therefore, who plans that success shall crown his labors, turns his face westward, and steers straight for Illinois and Missouri. There, on the timber-skirted prairies, dotted here and there with slashes of water, where the ground is loamy and filled with insect life, he finds birds abundant and in fine order, with but few persons present to interfere with him or render the shooting dangerous.

In the States named there are many localities which are favored by the snipe during their spring migration. All the low, wet lands adjacent to the large water-courses are the trysting-places in April for the snipe. In some of these spots the birds are so abundant that the shooter counts his score by dozens, and the birds are taken at the stores in trade for groceries. Carlyle, in Illinois, is still a great snipe country. In the vicinity of Norton, a little place forty miles west of Vincennes, Indiana, is an excellent find; but for the past season or two no place could excel the grounds and new cattle-yards which lie north of Mason City. There a tract of lake land has been drained within the last few years, and a magnificent wide stretch of new snipe ground has been the result. This spot has been visited by few but local gunners, who have had a corner in snipe ever since the water was let off. Another fine tract of snipe ground lies some fifty miles north of St. Louis. Part of this is preserved for the shooting of wealthy sportsmen from that city, and when the birds are migrating, immense bags are scored by the crack shots. In places like this, when birds are plentiful, dogs are used only to retrieve the game, for a first-class setter or pointer would be on a perpetual point from morning to night, and would be a hinderance rather than an assistance.

Unless the Eastern sportsman has visited the great snipe grounds in the West, he has not the faintest idea of the vast number of birds which can be found upon them. Yet their arrival is a bagatelle; their movements a mystery where all signs and prophets fail. It is after the spring inundations, when the water has receded from the low marsh lands, leaving the oozy surface exposed to the sun. This and warm rains dispel the frost. Then the birds begin to come along, at first in small whisps. They are wild and unsettled; they circle high up in the air over the wet prairies. Occasionally one of them utters its guttural cry, which serves as a signal for the slender-winged birds to increase the rapidity of their flight. Curvetting in the clouds in the most erratic swerves, they disappear and appear in the rain-charged atmosphere. At last, apparently tired of their gyrations, they swoop down until within a few feet of the marsh, which they skirt with great swiftness, until fancy causes them to suddenly check themselves in their flight; then they flare up, showing their white breasts, and with outstretched wings tilt backward into the rushes out of sight.

There the keen-nosed setter discovers their presence, and with head uplifted winds them from often a great distance. He approaches the game with ghost-like tread until he establishes his point. In wild weather and on open ground the birds will not lie for a dog, but go "skeaping" off in a most tantalizing way. But when the nature of the ground changes, and there is plenty of cover, and the sun shines out hot, and southerly winds prevail, the snipe lie well, and, as a rule, are easily approached. It is under these conditions that the big bags are made, which not infrequently consist of over one hundred birds.

Although a few birds appear at the end of March, it is between the 5th and 15th of April that the main flight may be looked for. At this season the snipe is the connecting link between the winter and summer shooting. The geese and wild-ducks have already reached their nesting grounds in the North, and the yellow-leg and other wading-birds are still strung out along the Southern coast. Spring snipe-shooting, though laborious work, is therefore greatly prized by the majority of good, quick shots; but, for all that, it should be prohibited by law, as it is the season when the birds are filled with eggs.

Franklin Satterthwaite.

COME HOME, CHILDREN.

By MARY A. BARR.

"I wonder why I should think to-night
Of Galveston beach with its bare white sands?"
And the old man feebly stirred the logs,
And warmed in the blaze his thin cold hands.
"I used to play on the white beach sands,
And paddle with bare brown feet in the foam.
I used to live near the Mexican Gulf,
And never a boy had a fairer home.

"We were six children, merry and bold,
Sailors and fishers bound to be.
We built our boats and we cast our nets
All day long by the sounding sea—
All day long till the sea grew dim,
And the waves were white with breaking foam,
Till mother, waving her hand, would call—
'Come home, children! come home! come home!'

"'Come home, children; your father is here;
The meal is ready, the fire is bright.'
Then gladly enough we left our play,
For sweet was the love and rest and light.
I think I can see the bare white sands;
I think I can see the breaking foam.
Oh! would I could hear my mother call—
'Willy, don't linger; come home; come home!'

"For I was always the last to hear,
Always the last her smile to meet;
So when the rest on the hearth-stone stood,
Still she was watching my tardy feet.
Does she watch them yet from the hills of God?
Does she see how sadly now they roam?
In a little while shall I hear the call—
'Willy, don't linger; come home; come home'?

"For I am weary, and sad, and old;
My feet are touching the great dim sea;
The others are safe with her long ago;
But she is waiting, watching for me."
He talked all night of the bare white sands,
Of his mother's voice and the breaking foam;
But just as the dawning touched the east,
We knew he had found his mother and home.

Mothers who know that your toil is great,
Mothers who fear that your love is vain,
Sons may wander and seem to forget;
Some day they will remember again.
They may grow famous, or rich, or old;
Far away from your side they may roam;
The gray-headed man is only a boy
When he whispers "Mother!" and thinks of home.

JOHN WHITFIELD'S WIFE.

John Whitfield was one of those men who involuntarily remind us of a noble old Newfoundland dog; chivalrous to women, gentle to children, and repelling all petty annoyances with a patience that really had something heroic in it. Old merchants with shaven chins, who carried umbrellas and rode to their business in the omnibus, called him "sure." Young merchants who drove to their offices in cabs, and thought they were paying commerce a compliment, called him "slow." People generally believed him to be a bachelor, yet he had nothing of that undeveloped, withered, selfish look about him which is usually characteristic of the single state.

I had, indeed, a dim impression that far back in my own childhood I had heard something about John Whitfield's wife. I once said as much to his head clerk, Jacob Smith, whose assistant I was. Jacob looked up slowly and smiled incredulously.

"I have been here, Will Lawson," he said, "just five-and-twenty years. I never saw nor heard tell of any woman since I came."

"How old was Mr. Whitfield then?"

"About thirty, I should think. He had just bought this business—came up from New Orleans to buy it."

"Ah! He might have been in love and even married before that, Jacob."

"He might, but I don't believe he was. When Mr. Whitfield falls in love, it will be with a woman made to order. I never saw one half good enough to be his wife."

I called John Whitfield "Uncle John," but he was not really any relation. Forty years previously my father and he had been sworn companions, and in a summer bathing frolic John had once saved father's life. When I left school at nineteen years of age, with a pretty fair record, he took me at once into his ware-rooms.

I did not live with him, nor, indeed, see very much of him outside of business hours; but occasionally he invited me to dinner, and when he did so, he signalized the visit by some such remark as the following: "Will, you have done very cleverly lately. Jacob Smith says he can spare you for a couple of weeks' vacation, and here is a small check to make it pass pleasantly. Your father and I are brothers, you know: I have the right to offer it, Will."

He said something very like this to me one hot night in July just before my summer holiday, and then he asked me where I was going. I told him to a little farm-house in the mountains, where I was sure of good fishing.

"That is right," he answered, cheerily. "I like a man who is fond of throwing a line; but, Will, let me ask you something—are there any girls there?"

I said I thought so, but had never seen them.

"Then take care of yourself. You have had a good education, and a gentleman's home. Don't marry a beautiful, ignorant girl; whatever you do, Will, don't make that mistake."

He seemed to me quite unnecessarily exercised about this subject. He referred to it again and again, and cautioned me, even after he had bid me "good-by and a happy holiday."

However, the caution turned out to be a kind of prophecy. I fell in love with Farmer Jones's little barefooted girl, a beautiful child of fifteen years of age. My two weeks' holiday fled like an enchanted dream, for Nellie and I were together all through the sweet, hot July days. I was so infatuated with her loveliness and simplicity, and so interested in helping her to improve her neglected education, that I determined to do a very foolish and unbusiness-like thing—I wrote to Uncle John, and asked for another week.

"Dear Will," he wrote back, "I am glad you said you were so happy, and did not plead sickness, or a sprained ankle, or some other fraud. I am afraid you have fallen in love—I told you not; but if this is the case, I can't find in my heart to be hard with you. I am an old man now, but *I too have been in Arcadia.* One week, mind, and no more; and be cautious, my dear Will. Do nothing in a hurry."

Well, all love affairs are pretty much alike. Nellie and I made vows and promises, and exchanged locks of hair. I tried to speak to Farmer Jones seriously about our attachment, but he only laughed at us, and said Nellie was a child and I was out on a frolic, and that he had no kind of doubt but we would both of us forget every word we had said in a couple of months. And though I felt hurt at being treated in such contemptuous fashion, I determined to show Farmer Jones that we were both of us very much in earnest, and had no intention of forgetting.

So I wrote regularly to Nellie, sent her books and presents, and was both pained and pleased at the efforts the child made to improve herself. Gradually there began to dawn upon my mind a scheme for her education. I determined to tell Uncle John the whole truth, and ask him to propose to her father for me, and also arrange some plan by which she might come to the city and enter some good school.

I wrote to Nellie at once, and she was enthusiastic on the subject; but it was harder to find the proper opportunity to speak to Uncle John. Indeed, it was near Christmas before it came. I had taken dinner with him, and we were sitting silent before the fire. All at once he said,

"Will, did you fall in love last summer, as I suspected? Or was it only trout?"

"I fell in love."

"Does it last?"

"I love her more than ever."

"Is she pretty?"

"I think so, sir. Yes, I am sure she is very lovely."

"Educated?"

"No, sir."

"Lady-like?"

"No, sir; she is just a simple, innocent child. She has no idea of life, or fashion, or dress."

"It won't do, Will. Girls of that kind are very pretty to write verses about; they don't answer in real life."

"I am sorry you think so, sir. If you only saw her!"

"Ah, Will, I have no occasion to see her. I know all about it. For a girl of that kind I once became very near being a scoundrel. I am not talking without knowledge. Poor Bernice! poor Bernice!"

He smoked away silently for some time, and then seemed suddenly to remember me. "Will," he said, "you must not run into this danger without warning. Come with me."

He led me slowly upstairs into his own room, and we stood together before a fine painting.

"Is Nellie Jones as beautiful as that?"

"She is very different—and she is not as beautiful."

"No, no; few women are as handsome as Bernice was. The temptation was great, if that was any excuse. She was a fisherman's daughter. Her father lived on one of the small islands in the Delta of the Mississippi. She was a splendid, passionate creature, and, with all her faults, she loved me as few, if any, men deserve to be loved. Under the orange-trees surrounding their little cane hut I spent a whole summer, defying heat and fever, and supremely happy if Bernice was by my side.

"Her father was a sensible man; he positively refused his consent to our marriage. He said his daughter suited him and their wild life well enough, but that she would make me wretched, and be wretched herself also. He warned me that she was passionate, jealous, and revengeful, and fit for no gentleman to marry. But I thought different. She had a native sense of what was graceful and proper, and I was sure that if she was fashionably dressed, and placed in a fashionable world, she would instinctively adapt herself to its ways and habits.

"At length her father and I came to open dissension; and he told me, with the rude frankness of his order, that I must leave the house, and speak to Bernice no more. Bernice and I had anticipated this order, and were prepared for an escape together. In the afternoon, while he was sleeping, we took a boat for New Orleans.

"As soon as we landed I looked for a clergyman to marry us. We called on several. Some made excuses, and some were from home; but at last, as we rode through a small street, I saw a church door open, and a minister entering. I went boldly up to him, told him I had run away with the lady, and offered him a large fee to be married without further delay.

"He agreed very politely. The congregation were coming in, and many people were present. We took no notice of any one, went up to the altar, and were made man and wife. The service was the Episcopal service, and our marriage certificate was signed by George C. Williams, officiating clergyman.

"For some time we were very happy. I bought her fashionable clothing and rich jewels, and we travelled about from place to place, Bernice's great beauty everywhere attracting attention and remark. At length, being in New York, I thought I would pay a short visit to my native village, and exhibit my beautiful bride to my old friends.

"It was there our troubles began. I knew most of the village girls from childhood, and they came with all the frankness and kindness of sisters to see me. Many of them called me 'John,' as they had always done, and there was scarcely a respectable family in the village that did not give an entertainment in our honor. In hotels Bernice had played her part very fairly. She had little to do but dress well and look handsome, and this she accomplished almost naturally. But in the familiarity of household visiting her deficiencies were glaringly apparent. Even her splendid beauty suffered somewhat when in contrast with the fair *spirituelle* faces of the North, and she felt this dimly, and resented it.

"Every girl I spoke to became an object of jealous hatred to her, and after one or two outrageous public outbursts of temper I was compelled to suddenly leave my friends, without warning and without farewell. But I considered that I had knowingly accepted Bernice with all her faults, and I did not reproach her. Perhaps if I had it might have been less irritating to the proud, passionate creature. But I generally sat silent during her outbursts of temper, or else went quietly about my business, until she flung herself at my feet in an agony of reproach and self-upbraiding.

"These scenes, once begun, occurred so frequently that I determined to furnish a house, and see if the charge of it would interest and amuse her. I bought a lovely place, surrounded with gardens, and had it perfectly appointed. Then I took her there, and gave it to her as her own unconditionally. She was greatly pleased, and for many weeks I was very happy again.

"But it did not last, Will; it could not. I prospered in business, became well known, and was often asked to take part in public dinners and affairs. At first my wife said nothing, and I imagined she had quite conquered her jealousy of me. Would you believe that she was only watching me, and that she was making of my most innocent courtesies dreadful wrongs? I proposed to take her with me, but this she would not accept. She had discovered her social faults, and was too proud to attempt to correct them. 'She had been good enough to marry,' she told me, 'and she was just as good then as when we were married.'

"And this was true, Will; I acknowledged that, though I was getting tired. Two years of constant bickering sours the truest love. I left her to her own ways, and I went hither and thither as I wished. Sometimes we had reconciliations and a week or two's perfect happiness, and then some trifling incident would arouse her anger and jealousy, and for another week or two we were virtually separated.

"Still I loved her, loved her passionately and truly, and I never wronged her even in a thought. I had never then seen any woman half so beautiful, and I have never seen any since to be compared with her. Even her wild, ungovernable nature touched mine as no gentler woman's has ever done, and though there were evil and cross elements in our destiny, none the less Bernice was my destiny—the only woman on earth for me.

"It was in the fourth year of our marriage, and Bernice had been for weeks in one of her most trying tempers. She pleaded sickness sometimes, and in gentler moments hung round me with a touching tenderness which even yet makes my heart ache to remember. One night there was a grand ball, and as it had some political significance, I felt compelled to attend it. I begged Bernice to go; she begged me not to go; neither of us would give way, and I went alone.

"The ball was in masquerade, and Bernice assumed some disguise and followed me. When I returned home she met me with a passion I was in no mood to bear patiently, for under excitement her want of education was painfully apparent, and I had just left the society of some of the most brilliant and refined women in the world. For the first time I allowed a sense of my mistake to frame itself in words. She listened to them, and then left the room without a reply.

"I rather congratulated myself on their effect, and went to my business as usual the next day. When I came home, Bernice was gone, and gone in such a way that it was impossible to hide my misery. The servants had taken her version of our dispute, and I was severely blamed. It was in all the daily papers, and I had serious annoyance from her father and friends.

"Every effort was made to find her for some weeks, and was unavailing; and I lived in constant anxiety. One day, when various circumstances had combined to make the affair almost intolerable to me, I was requested by two friends to go to the city prison and identify a man who had obtained money from them and me on various false pretences. He was not the man who had deceived me, but he was the man who had married me. I made inquiries about him, and discovered that at the time of my marriage he was personating a clergyman, and so raising money for charitable objects, which of course he appropriated.

"He was not a clergyman; he had never had a license; my marriage was null and void. I was in the mood to feel almost exultant. I could tell Bernice now that, if I was so hateful to her, she was free to leave me, and that I had no legal claim on her, nor she on me.

"Singularly enough, when I got home that day there was a letter waiting for me from a lawyer in Mobile, saying that my wife had instructed him to commence suit against me for a separation. I never answered him at all. I wrote a letter to Bernice, Will, which I ought to have been ashamed to write, and sent it to her lawyer, with a request that it should be given to her at once.

"All that night I thought of what I had done, and felt glad of it. For the first time in my life I drank alone, and drank too much. Very early in the morning I fell asleep; but just as the half-awakened birds were beginning to twitter in the trees about the house, I woke—wide awake, Will—as people often do when their souls are aware of some near sorrow. A bell rang loudly and imperatively. I got up at once. I knew instinctively that I was wanted. Before I was dressed my servant stumbled half asleep into my room and handed me a telegram. It was signed by a woman who called herself Adela Lauve, and said only, 'Your wife is at my house, dying; come at once.'

"What bitter agony now seized me! That dreadful letter! If she got it before I arrived! I could not bear to contemplate such an event. I chartered a special train, and spared no money in hurrying to her side; and, thank God! I was not quite too late. The first thing I saw when I entered the room was our dead babe; the second, my letter—*unopened.*

"She had not been able to read it; she was scarcely able to stretch out her hands toward me and bid me a long, last farewell with fast-glazing eyes. But in those few last moments we were all one again, and my darling died in my arms and close to my heart. But oh, Will! Will! I tremble yet when I think how near I came to being a scoundrel. My poor little wife! We made a great mistake."

"How?"

"I ought not to have married her until I had in some measure prepared her for her new life. The maiden would have learned for my sake what the wife could not humble herself to learn."

"I never thought of marrying Nellie, uncle, until she had been educated. I was going to ask your advice on this very subject; she is herself anxious to come to New York and go to school."

"That is better."

Then we talked the matter over, and the end of it was that Uncle John said there was some woodlands for sale in the neighborhood of Nellie's home, and that while he was trying to make a bargain for himself he would see if he could arrange matters for me.

The next day Jacob Smith said, "Mr. Whitfield has gone to Slocumville to buy some land," and I answered, "So he told me." Three days afterward Jacob said, "Mr. Whitfield has bought the land; he bought it from that Israel Jones with whom you staid last summer," and I answered, "Indeed! I rather expected he would do so."

But it was a full week before Uncle John came back to the office. He looked pleasantly at me as he entered, and said, as he passed my desk, "Mr. Lawson, I want to speak to you in my room."

"Will, I have seen your Nellie."

"Did you like her, sir?"

"She is pretty well—for a beginning. I took her to school this morning—to Miss Hayden's, a very good school, I am told. Now you are not to trouble her; she is to have a fair chance with her lessons."

"How often may I see her in a week, sir?"

"How often do you think fair and right, Will?"

"Twice a day—that is fourteen times a week, sir. I will help her with her lessons."

"Twice a day. In that case you will have to live with me. I dare say your aunt Huldah would like that."

"Aunt Huldah! What do you mean, Uncle John?"

"To be candid, Will, as I was up that way I could not help going to see your father, and then and there it struck me to ask your aunt to come and look after my house and Nellie. Nellie has lots of things to learn that only a lady like Miss Huldah can teach her, and I am going to supervise Miss Nellie's education myself. I have concluded it must be at home as well as at school."

"Dear, dear Uncle John!"

"Now, Will, you never said, 'Dear, dear Uncle John' before: what is it you want?"

"I want to stay with you and Aunt Huldah

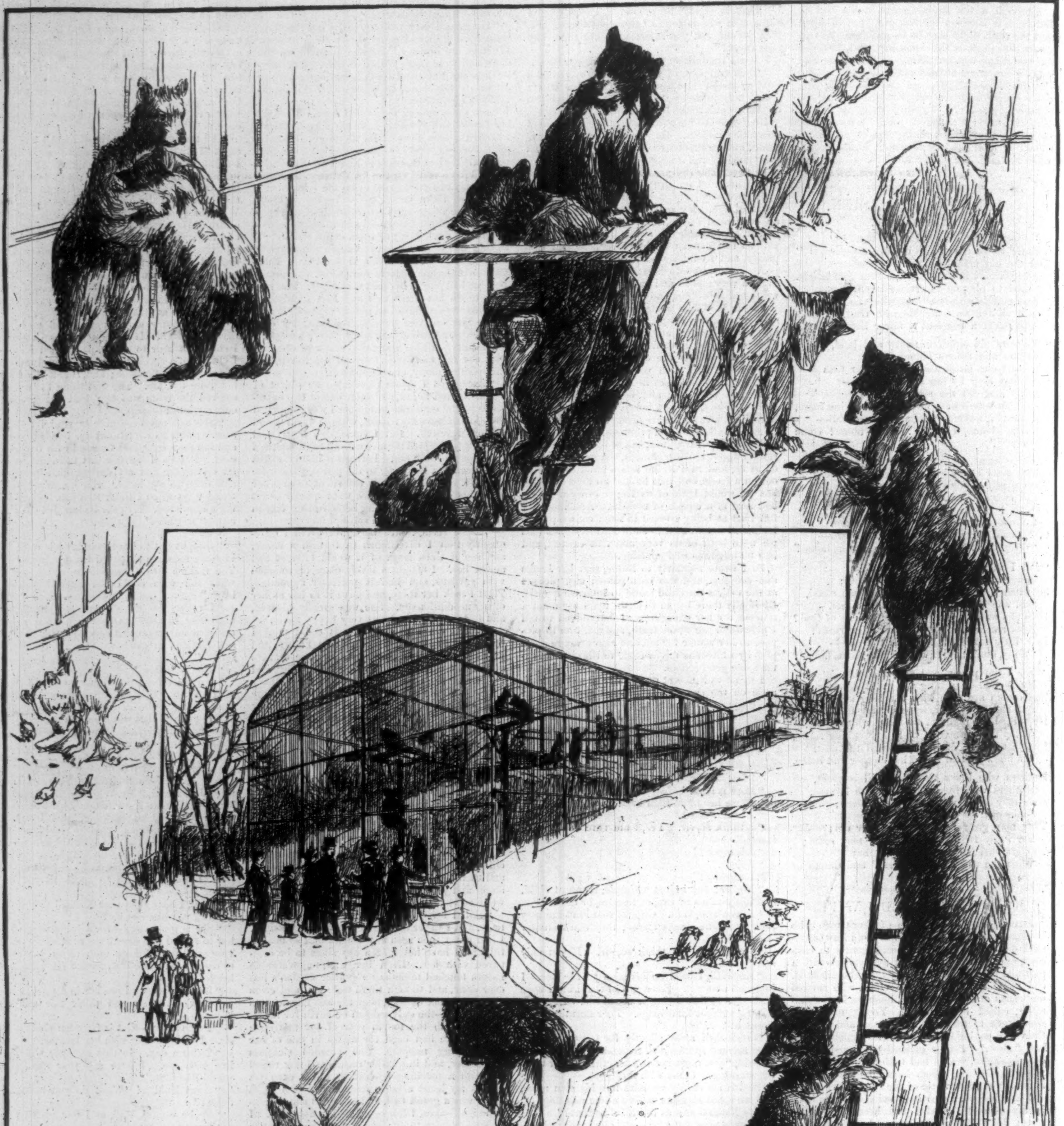
"And Nellie?"

"Yes, and Nellie."

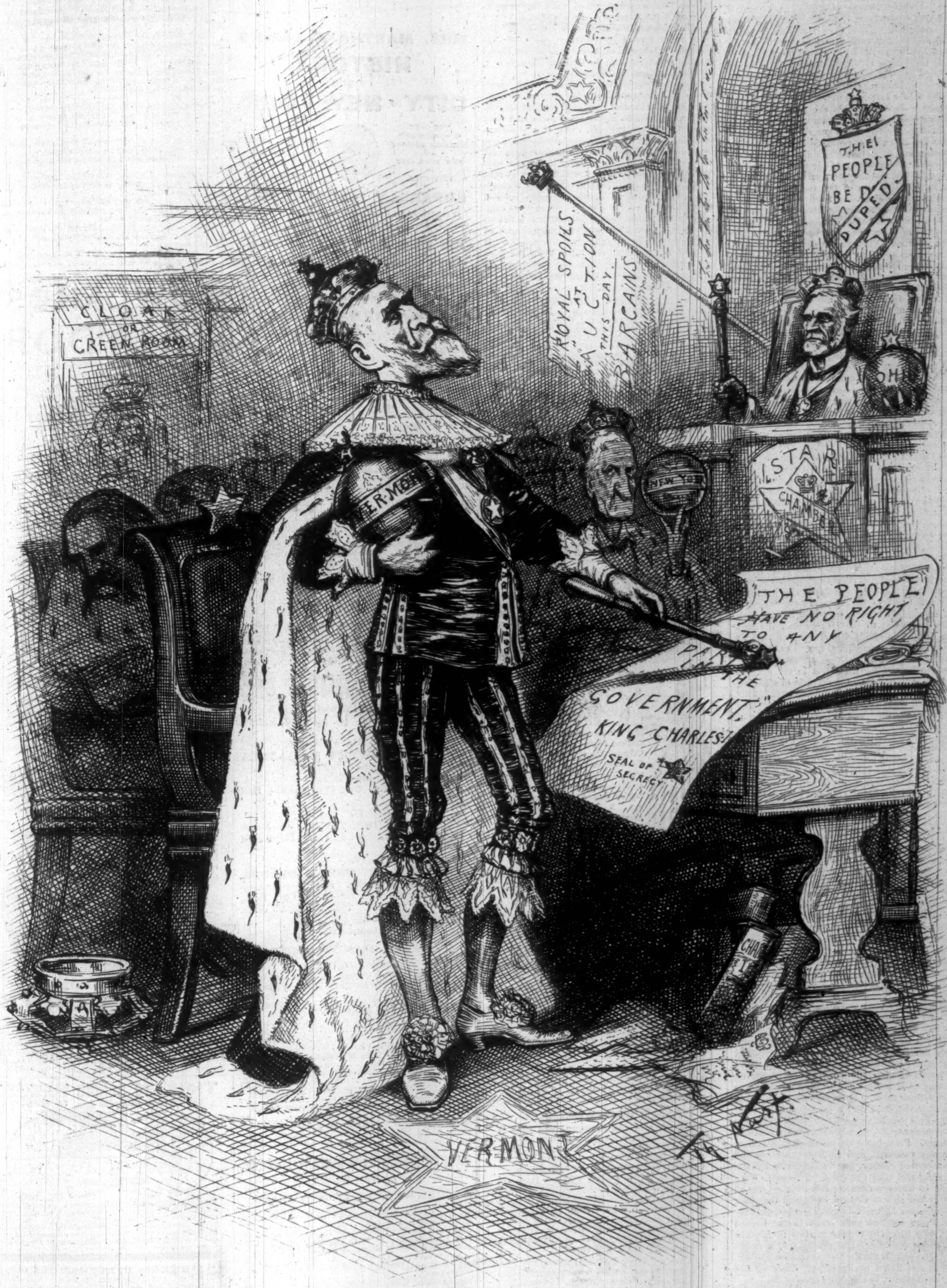
"I am agreeable. If you can live under one roof together for two years while Nellie is studying, and not get tired of each other, and not quarrel, I think at the end of it you may venture to marry. So move your traps to-night, and make the experiment."

It is eight years since John Whitfield began his educational experiment, and Nellie and I have lived under the same roof ever since. We have been six years married, and Uncle John may be almost daily seen walking or riding with a lovely little girl, who rules him with a tyranny at once absolute and delightful.

"She is so beautiful," he says in apology, as he plays with her long fair hair—"she is so beautiful that she is almost worthy to be called Bernice." And though the child is as unlike as possible the dark, handsome, passionate picture which hangs in John Whitfield's room, she is, after it, the dearest thing on earth to John Whitfield's heart.



THE BEAR-PIT IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 222.]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SEAL OF SECRECY
CHARLES I
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A BURNING GAS WELL.

An explosion of natural gas, peculiar in its cause and shocking in its consequences, occurred at the little village of Murrysville, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of March, illustrations of which disaster are given in this issue. The Charliers Gas Company was engaged in making connections from a new and abundant well to their main line, when the pipe suddenly broke, and the gas, rushing forth in enormous volume, filled the air, and penetrated all the houses in the immediate vicinity. Among these dwellings was one occupied by a Mrs. Taylor, her father-in-law, and three children. The entire family, and a Miss Laycock, who was living with the Taylors, were driven from the house by the insufferable odor of the gas, and were standing upon the front porch, when, the gas suddenly igniting at the fire in an open grate, there was a terrific explosion, and in an instant the house was a mass of flames. The clothing of the unfortunate people caught fire, and they were all terribly burned, Mrs. Taylor and two of her children and Miss Laycock having since died from their injuries.

In less than five minutes after the explosion all the houses in the neighborhood were in flames, and seven of them were destroyed. It was late in the afternoon when the explosion took place, and nightfall added to the terrors and demoralization of the inhabitants of the little town. The air was so impregnated with gas as to be almost unendurable, and the flames from the broken pipe shot upward for more than a hundred feet in the air, the roar of the conflagration being audible at Monroeville, five miles away. Five enormous gas wells poured into the pipes of the Charliers Company, and it was estimated that three million cubic feet of gas were being burned hourly, and that thrice that amount was escaping unconsumed. Some frame buildings were hurriedly torn down to stop the spread of the conflagration in the village, and the women and children were, for the most part, removed to a distance, all the neighboring farm-houses being speedily filled with the refugees. A special train with reënforcements of men to fight the fire was sent from Pittsburgh, but the heat from the great fountain of flame that arose from the broken main was so intense that little could be done to shut it off. At midnight it was discovered that there were three breaks in the sixteen-inch main. Two hundred men, in charge of a brave superintendent, set to work to dig a ditch approach to the blazing pipe. The men wore wet cloths wrapped about their faces, but were unable to approach nearer than fifty feet. Meantime arrangements were made with Battery B of the Pennsylvania National Guard to attack the conflagration by shooting a hole in the gas-main above the point of leakage. Through twenty miles of mud, in a drenching rain, a three-inch cannon belonging to the battery was dragged to the fire. One hundred men were at work at the time digging a trench and tunnel to the base of the stand-pipe, which was red-hot from the ground to its top, forty-five feet in the air. It was decided to postpone the attempt of shooting the pipe until another plan had been tried. This plan proved effectual. The workmen succeeded in reaching the pipe, and having, under cover of a fire-shield, chiselled it, attached an immense chain to the upper part of the pipe, by which it was eventually forced over and broken. An arrangement on the principle of an old-fashioned candle snuffer was then forged, and by dint of much hard work was gotten over the main pipe where it had been broken off, and the gas supply from the well was effectually cut off.

BEARS IN CENTRAL PARK.

To the Central Park Menagerie, which, in spite of its recent growth to very respectable proportions, has never taken the more pretentious name of Zoological Garden, the important additions have recently been made of two polar and two grizzly bears. The bear-pit now contains, besides these four, three Russian and five black bears—twelve in all. The black, the grizzly, and the Russian bears live and play peacefully in one enclosure, and they indulge in the humane pastime of quarrelling only when every one wishes to be the first to climb the pole and take a view of their neighbors on Fifth Avenue. In an adjoining enclosure the two polar bears, not disposed to be neighborly to the darker species, draw the "color line," and brood alone over memories of icebergs. They too are expert climbers, and they amuse themselves by springing up their pole or climbing up the rocks with such groans as frighten those of the inferior races into their den or up their pole. The monotony of their life is relieved by gazing at strangers and feeding on whatever children throw them. Between such visits, being given to meditation, they solemnly gaze at their paws. This pair of young polar bears, which are yet but one year old, were bought from a dealer in Hamburg. Polar bears are so ferocious that they are rarely captured, and their captors are the seal-hunters of Norway and Iceland, who kill the older ones and take the cubs. Two pairs were brought to European dealers last summer, one of which is this pair in Central Park, and the other was purchased for the Zoological Garden at Dresden. There are now only seven in the United States, two being in Cincinnati, two in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and one the property of a showman. The pair in the Zoological Garden at Philadelphia was killed by lightning. They do not breed in captivity, as the other species do.

The two excellent specimens of the grizzly, which next to the polar bear is the most ferocious of all species, are the property of the editor of *The Forest and Stream*, to whom they were sent a few months ago as a present by a Rocky Mountain trapper. They were shipped in a wooden box, and on their long journey they amused themselves by gnawing it. They were carried to the Park by a truckman just after dark one day in December, and the box was no sooner put on the ground than one of them made its way out of it. The attendants and all the policemen within easy call gathered about the frightened beast, which had as little desire to attack a policeman as a policeman had to attack it. This state of mutual and useless fear was maintained until the superintendent of the menagerie was sent for, and came and led the weary cub into its iron cage. Besides those owned by showmen, there are but six grizzly bears in captivity east of the Rocky Mountains—these two in Central Park, two in Chicago, and two in Cincinnati.

Besides these twelve specimens, which spend winter and summer alike in the pit, there are two other bears in Central Park of even rarer species. They were born in a warmer climate, and must spend the winter in-doors. One is a Himalaya or Indian bear, a broad-chested, bow-legged, black beast which is always hungry, and greets you with an open mouth. It is thought to be the only specimen of this kind in America. It was sent from India to a gentleman in one of the Western States, who, having no fondness for bears, refused to pay the express charges, and the express company gave it to the Park. The other is a vicious and ugly Malayan or "sun" bear, specimens of which most of the travelling showmen have. It delights in tearing up sheet-iron from the floor of its cage, and pacing back and forth for pastime in most ungraceful parrot-toed fashion.

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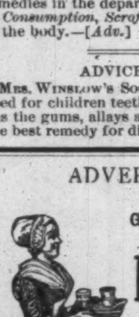

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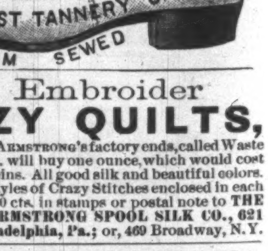

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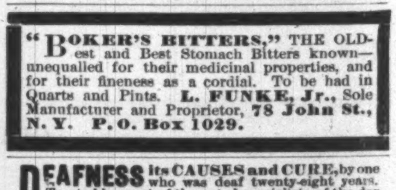

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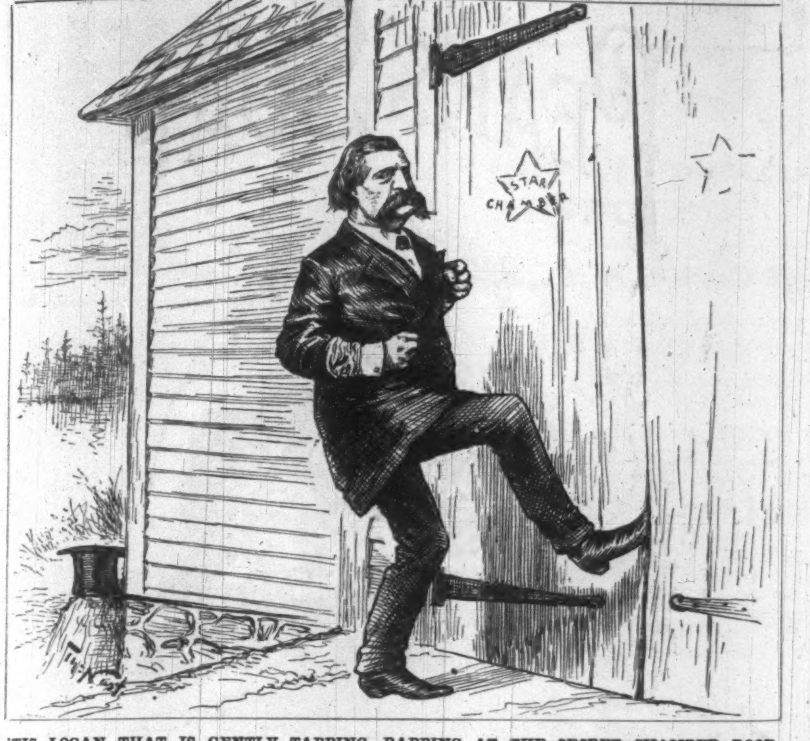

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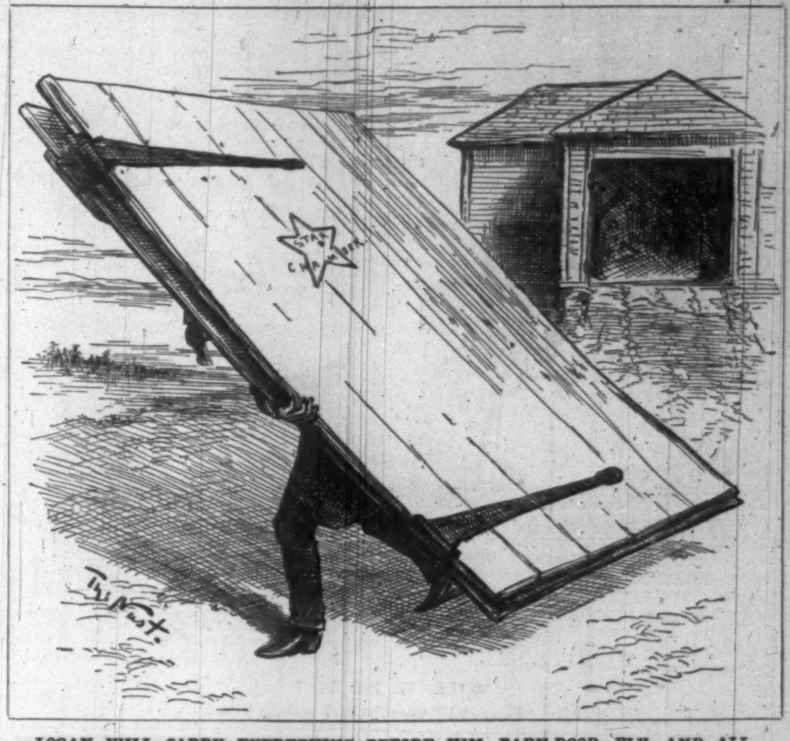

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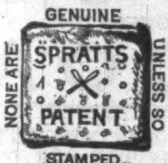

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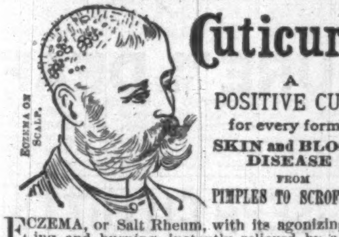
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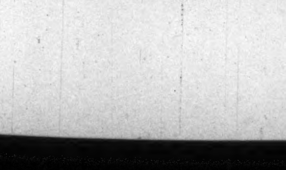

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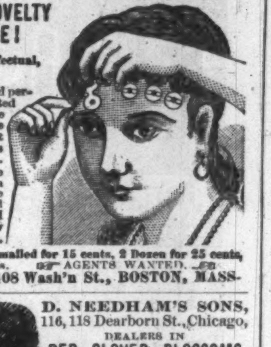

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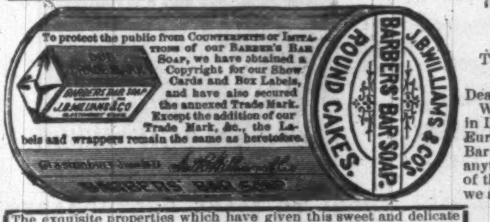

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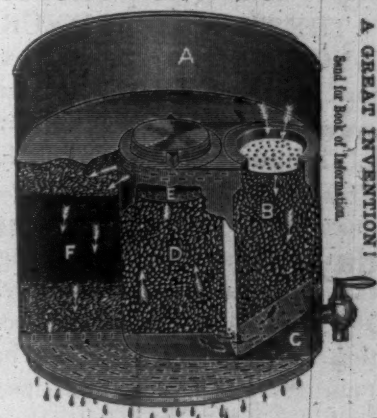

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